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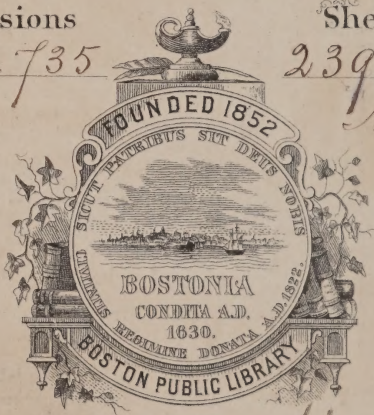

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No. 19.

THE READING CLUB

50 SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.
Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Four Acts.

Better than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

In Three Acts.

Our Folks. 6 male, 5 female char. . 15
The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. 7 male, 3 female char. 15
MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

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ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. 15
The Last Loaf. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In One Act.

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The Tempter. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male 3 female char. 15
A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female char. 15
A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
A THORN AMONG THE ROSES. 2 male, 6 female char. 15
NEVER SAY DIE. 3 male, 3 female char. 15
SEEING THE ELEPHANT. 6 male, 3 female char. 15
THE BOSTON DIP. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN. 6 male, 4 female char. 15
THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

Male Characters Only.

A CLOSE SHAVE. 6 char. 15
A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR. 6 char. . . . 15
A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, etc., continued.

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READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER

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AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN
PROSE AND POETRY

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

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GEORGE M. BAKER

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BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS
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THE READING-CLUB.

"CAPTAIN LOREDAN."

I.

Old Venice grappled with the Turk
In fourteen hundred ninety-nine;
In truth, it was a troubled work,
And ruddy were the seas as wine;
For dread Bajazet set afloat
Against our fleet three hundred sail;
And, when he took a fishing boat,
Remorselessly his soldiers smote
Our helpless men, and poured their blood
Upon the Adriatic's flood.
His cruisers left a bloody trail.
* * * Our Admiral Grimani lay
In hesitating silence, till,
While yet irresolute, one day
He heard our flock of galleys thrill
With lusty, manly singing,
With clamor loud and long;
And through his brain went ringing
This burden of the song.

"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
For he will show the way!
Give us our Captain Loredan,
And we will tempt the fray!
Now, listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar,

He'll tell you how brave Loredan
Slew twenty Turks and more!"
So, through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious, great Loredan.

II.

Grimani felt his cheeks grow white,
But not with fear — it was with rage;
For he had sworn that in this fight
He'd blot proud Loudan's brightest page.
"What is this Captain Loredan,
But officer at my command?"
He cried. "I'll crush the daring man,
And, lest he rush into the van
Of battle, newer fame to win,
I'll fold my galleys' banners in,
And hug the comfortable land."
So said he: and he paced the deck
With jealous envy at his side,
While grim Bajazet wrought his wreck
Among our shipping, far and wide.
But still came breezes, bringing
Our galley oarsmen's song;
O'er purple waters flinging
Its protest against wrong.

"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
He's here with us to-day!
Give us our Captain Loredan,
He will not bid us stay!
Now listen to this hoary man,
Who leans upon his oar,
He'll tell you how staunch Loredan
Has swept the waves before."
So through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious, great Loredan.

III.

Nor day nor night Grimani stirred;
The Turkish fleet, grown bold, drew near.
Our men, impatient, begged the word
For action, but Grimani's sneer
Froze up their hearts; until one morn,
Out from the shimmering splendor, broke
A blood-red dawn — for battle hour;
And haughtily, as if in scorn,
The Crescent's pennant fluttered high
Upon a mighty craft, close by,
Standing alone.

* * * * * Then, with one stroke
Of springing oars, a galley sped
Out from our midst: a second came
To join her — and like lightning fled
Beyond Grimani's cry of "Shame!
What are those oarsmen singing
Who my command disdain?"
Back came the answer ringing
In strange, ecstatic strain:

"This is the Captain Loredan,
These be his galleys twain!
Lo! here is Captain Loredan,
Whom fools cannot restrain!
Now listen to this hoary man,
Who toils upon his oar;
And win with Captain Loredan,
Or Venice see no more!"

So through the ships the story ran,
And through all hearts the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious, great Loredan.

IV.

The Turkish monster thrilled with life:
From her gigantic sides rained down

Huge missiles, with destruction rife;
And many a fighter fell, to drown
Between the galleys' sides, that shook
As if with frenzied laughter, when
The thunders of our cannon took
The yellow from the Turk's wild look,
And brought the ashes to his lips.
He could not fight these bellowing ships,
Nor war with these enchanted men
Who climbed along his galleon's rail;
Who swam and sank and sprang in space,
Still fighting; men who scorned to wail,
Tho' carved by swords; and who, with grace,
Kept up their rhythmic singing
With dying lips that bled.
Sang — to the galleys clinging
With fingers battle-red:

"This is the Captain Loredan,
And we are all his men!
How like you Captain Loredan,
Who fights you one to ten?
Now listen to this hoary man,
Who still is at his oar;
And fly from Captain Loredan,
Or Byzance see no more!"

So through the ships the story ran,
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious, great Loredan.

V.

Swift sailing, from the roseate East,
Came kindred ships, the Turks to aid.
And now the struggle's rage increased;
Wild flames broke forth, to make afraid
The Moslems on their conquered craft.
Just as the banner of Saint Mark
Was raised upon her, fore and aft
Came a weird shudder; and abaft

The wretched Turks ran quakingly
To leap into the crimsoned sea.
Then came vast thunder.
* * * * * * * It was dark.
The ship, our splendid galleys, all
Went skyward — rending friends and foes,
As fire burst through the wooden wall
To stores of powder.
Then arose —
Out of the chaos bringing
A harmony complete —
A sound of voices singing
This chorus strong and sweet:

"To die with Captain Loredan
Is joy enough for men!
Who would not die for Loredan,
No matter how, or when?
Oh, listen to this hoary man,
Who floats upon his oar;
He sings the death of Loredan,
Who ne'er will lead us more!"

To Venice so the story ran,
And through the world the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious, dead Loredan.

Edward King.

AMNESTY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mr. President: —

Twenty years ago to-morrow, in the old hall of the Senate, now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up, and swore before Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States, and took the oath to be faithful to this government.

During four years I sat in these halls with Mr. Jefferson

Davis, and saw the preparations going forth from day to day for the overthrow of this government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips, he took the oath to sustain the government that he meant to overthrow.

Your armies were scattered all over this broad land, where they could not be used in an emergency; your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them. Your treasury was depleted until your bonds, becoming six per cent., principal and interest payable in coin, were sold at eighty-eight cents on the dollar for current expenses, and no buyers.

Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold under an apparently innocent clause, in an army bill, providing that the Secretary of War might, at his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed it for the interest of the government to sell.

Sir!! Eighteen years ago last month, I sat in these halls and listened to Mr. Jefferson Davis delivering his address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this government were, and then he left, and entered into the rebellion to overthrow the government he had sworn to support. I remained here, sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion, and saw our brave soldiers, by thousands and hundreds of thousands, aye, I might say millions, go forth to the theatre of war, and I saw their shattered ranks return. I saw steamboat after steamboat, and railroad train after railroad train, arrive with the maimed and wounded. I saw with my friend Mr. Burnside, when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, piles of legs and arms that made humanity shudder. And I saw the widow and the orphan in their homes, and heard the weeping and wailing of those who had lost their dearest and best.

Mr. President: I little thought, at that time, that I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies on Jefferson Davis, living, a living rebel eulogized on the floor of the Senate of the United States.

Sir, I am amazed to hear it, and can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North, when they come here, at this day, and, with bravado on their lips, utter eulogies on a man whom every man, woman, and child in the North believes to have been a double-dyed traitor to his government.

Nov. 21, 1884. *Chandler.*

SNOW-FLAKES AND SNOW-DRIFTS.

A STUDY IN ALLITERATION.

To show the copiousness of our language, especially in adjectives,
Asking approval of alliteration
Before we begin, we beg benediction,
Caution, and candor from critics, who censure
This daring description of delicate snow-drifts.

Angelic aëronaut, airy and active,
Aërial avalanche, alpine and awful,
Beating men, buffeting, blinding, and burying.
Bountifully broadcast, brilliant in beauty,
Bird-like and buoyant, yet bringing a blessing,
Coming so constantly, crowding and chasing,
Cov'ring all closely with cerements.

Carving such curious conceits on the casements,
Crystals, once clear-cut, now crushed by collision,
Coronets, crested and cast from cloud-ceilings,
Can still be so cold, calm, chilling, and cheerless,
Driving its drifts down destructively, drearily,
Dismally, direful, dreadfully deadly,
Daintily draping and decking dull deserts,
Elfish, erratic, empyreal!

Elegant, exquisite, endlessly eddying,
Frosting the farms, and the firs, and the fences,
Fringing the forests with fantastic fern-fronds,
Flying all feathery, fleecy, and foamy,
Flinging its flakes forward, faultless as flowers,
Falling from far, from full-fed frosty fountains,
Glittering, glistening, gossamer, gauzy,
Gems that are God-given, gracefully.

Hastening from heaven's brow, hurrying headlong,
Hiding the heads of the hills all so hoary,
Heaving its heaps up higher and huger,

Icily idling in isolate islands,
Jauntily joining in jollity joyous,
Kissing the king, the kittens, and king-birds;
Lasses and lads love to laugh at its lightness,
Lily-like, lovely, yet lawless.

Loitering lazily, lingering lovingly
In myriad mazes or in mountainous masses,
Noiselessly nestling 'neath the nooks of nature,
Omniform opulent — only observe it!
Perfectly pure, so pale, pearly, and peerless,
Poising on pinnacles, perched picturesquely,
Playing with plumage and pinions on pine peaks,
Quelling by quantity, quietly.

Roving round restlessly, rioting ruthlessly,
Sweeping on swiftly and surging on sea-like,
Scattered so spray-like, sailing so swan-like,
Stealing in stillness, slow, solemn, and shroud-like.
Softly and silently shed by sweet seraphim,
Showered so strangely, shining and star-like,
Towering and tipping the turrets of temples,
Tossing in tempests terrific.

Toying tenderly with tracery tasteful,
Transiently trimming the twigs and the treetops,
Unwearied, unsullied, unspotted, unearthly,
Volatile visitant — volley of vapor;
Voyaging vaguely, all visible veiling,
Waving white wings, and wrathfully warning,
Whirled by wild winds the world wrapping so whitely.
Youthfully yielding, sent yearly for yule-time,
From the zone of the zenith blown zigzag by zephyrs.

Martha Tyler Gale, in Journal of Education.

THE PITY OF IT.

"No. 25!"

"Bring in No. 25!"

"The court is waiting for No. 25!"

There was a little hanging back on the part of the usually prompt official, but in a moment more a tall, fine-

looking woman was brought in, and awaited the usual questioning.

There was something so piteously desperate in the prisoner's appearance, and her great, hunted eyes had such a look of anguish, that the judge, accustomed to all the sad sights and sounds, hesitated before asking with unwonted gentleness: —

"What is your name, my woman, and where were you born?"

"Me name is Aleen Byrne, yer honor, an' I were born in Aberdeen, off the Scottish coast land."

"And you are charged with striking a man."

"I am, yer honor."

"And you meant to?"

"I did indeed, yer honor. *He's kilt me, yer honor.*"

The woman spoke with a low, impassioned wail, which caused respectful attention.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He *stabbed me to the heart, your honor.*"

"Stabbed you! Suppose you tell me about it."

"I will. Ye might no ken what it is, yer honor, to hev one bonnie laddie, an' none else. I lef' the gude father o' my lad a-sleepin' in the kirkyard when I brought my wee sonnie to this land. For many a year I toiled in sun and shade for my winsome Robbie. He growed so fine an' tall that soon he were ta'en to a gentleman's store to help. *Then this man McGinnis set his evil eye on the lad.* I was forced to pass his den on me way to and fra' the bread store, *an' he minded 'twas mesel' hated the uncanny look o' the place.*

"Ah, one morn, as I passed by, he said I needn't be so grand about me b'y; he were no above ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest. I begged me chilt for the love of God to let the stoof alone. Me Robbie promised to bide me wishes; but the mon McGinnis watchet o' the nights, when 't were cauld an' stormin' an' gave the lad many a cup o' his dreadful drinks, to warm him, he would say. I got on me knees to me chilt, and prayed him to pass the place no more, but to gang hame by some other road. Then I went mesel' to the man, *an' p'raps ye ken, yer honor, how a mither wud beg an' pray for the bone o' her bone an flesh o' her flesh, but he laughed in me face.* Last night, yer

honor, the noise at me door frightened me; I runned wi' all me micht to see wha' were the trouble, an' me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell at me feet — he were drunk, yer honor! Then McGinnis pocket his face in at my door, an' asket, 'Wha think ye now, Mistress Byrne?' Did I mean to strike the mun, yer honor? An I could, I'd struck the breath fra' his body! Ye'd better keep me wi' lock an' key till the gloom dies out; but oh, jedge, jedge, I wish mesel' and me lad were in the kirkyard aside the gude father!

"They tell me if I could prove the mun sold liquor to the bairn under age, the law could stop him. I tell ye, jedge, there's naught but God's vengeance can stop his ilk. It's well enough to a'rest the mither as strikes the mun as ruins her chilt, but wait ye till ye Lord Almighty strikes — aye — wait ye for that!"

As the threatening voice stilled, the woman was pronounced discharged. After his reappearance in court, McGinnis was lodged in the county jail, on a charge of having wilfully sold or given intoxicating drink to a minor. His comrades declared the evidence on which he was convicted to have been legally slight and uncertain; but the clerk of the court was heard to remark that he believed from his soul the judge dare not wait for the Lord Almighty.

THE COWBOY.

He came from the land of the setting sun,
This blazing star of the first degree;
A cowboy bold, all ripe for fun,
The home of the tenderfoot to see.
His eyes were black and his hair was long;
The rim of his hat was soft and wide;
And his gorgeous pants were of buckskin strong,
With wonderful fringes adown the side.

His mustang was kinky as ever you saw;
To the martial jingling of his spurs
The small boy listened with breathless awe;
He was a terror to city curs.

A pistol was thrust through his leathern belt,
And a knife reposed in his horseman's boot;
Every inch a king he doubtless felt;
A Western hero right on the shoot!

He ogled the ladies, day by day,
As he gracefully ambled to take the air;
Oh, he was a daisy, this cowboy gay,
One of the brave who deserve the fair.
What sensitive maids, in his mind, were seen
Hopelessly pining for him in vain;
What scalps of swains, with jealousy green,
Adorned this conquering lord of the plain!

He welcomed the tanglefoot, hot and strong;
And terrible oaths this creature swore!
For a deadly conflict he seemed to long,
His thirst was excessive for human gore,
Till he stirred up a gentleman, mild and slim,
Who wielded daily a bloodless pen,
But "the sand" was there, all the same, in him;
And he went for the braggart, right there and then.

He reached for that cowboy's ringlets long,
And pulled him down from his wild mustang;
He wiped the street with the buckskins strong
While the spurs resounded with merry clang —
And he left him a wreck, did this man of might
With the broadcloth suit and hat of silk;
And the small boy scoffed at the luckless wight
As he limped to the lockup, weak as milk.

No more with the cattle the cowboy dwells;
His pistol and knife in the pawnshop rest;
The mustang a tipcart vile propels;
He will gallop no more in the far Southwest.
And his master has studied his lesson well,
Let roughs and rowdies of this take note,
'Tis the swaggering cowards who boast and swell,
And a man may be brave in a broadcloth coat.

John S. Adams.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

SHAKSPEER AT DEAD HOS' CRICK.

It wuz way out West o' the praree
Whar the mountins begins to raise,
Pokin' holes in the snowy blankets
Uv clouds that acrost 'em lays.

We wuz washin' down in the gulches,
An' the culler wuz comin' free;
An' the fellers wuz crowdin' from East an' West,
Till the place wuz full es could be.

I've bin in some dandy places
Whar things wuz a kinder hot;
But I never, in my hul mortal days,
Struck so near to the real old spot.

It ain't no use to tell yer
The names uv the boys that wuz thar;
But they wuz the hardest crowd uv pills
That ever wuz straight an' squar'.

I mean thar warn't no skulkin'
An' shootin' behind a plank,
Er plantin' a cold deck up on a pal,
An' standin' in with the bank.

Thar wuz plenty uv cold decks planted,
An' plenty uv shootin' done;
But the fust wuz all in the way uv biz,
An' the other wuz straight es a gun.

Ef thar wuz a row it wuz up-an'-up,
An' the fust that drawed cud bark;
And we gently lifted the other chap,
An' planted him out in the dark.

But I wuz a-goin' to tell yer
A thing that occurred one night,
An' to show yer the kind er chaps them wuz
In their trew an' proper light.

The biggest strikes wuz by Dead Hos' Crick;
An' thar, on a summer's day,
We wuz all at work when we heerd the bells
Uv the mule teams up the way.

In another minit, they come in sight,
A-joggin' down the road;
An' I reckon it made them boys' eyes stare
When they seen what they had fer load.

They wuz sittin' on trunks an' boxes,
An' bumpin' right along;
A gal, four men, an' a woman,
An' the gal wuz singin' a song,

An' lookin es pleased an' happy
Es if ridin' a Pullman car;
An' when she ketched sight of the boys' red shirts,
She hollered out, "Thar they are!"

An' kep' on clappin' her little han's,
An' laffin', jes' like a bird,
I guess them boys jes' thought that laff
The sweetest they'd ever heard;

For they all quit work an' foller'd
Them teams with their starin' eyes,
Till they turned the corner at Tucker's Dam,
An' then I think the skies

Growed jest a trifle darker,
Though the sun was a kinder strong;
An' I noticed that some o' the younger boys
Didn't work that day so long.

When I come down from the gulch that night,
I wuz tired, an' wet, an' mad;
For I hadn't got quite the pile o' dust
That I thought I oughter had.

An' when I come to the "Dead Hos' House"
(The biggest bar in the town),

The boys wuz standin' in threes and fours,
A-jawin' each other down.

I hadn't heerd no shootin',
An' no one was givin' chin,
An' they all wuz lookin' so ser'us like
That I couldn't take it in.

So I jes' turns inter the bar, and calls
Fer a finger uv whiskey, white,
When the slinger sez, es he antied the stuff,
"Er ye goin' to the show, to-night?"

An' thar, hung up on the bar-room wall,
An' painted in black an' yeller,
I reads the bill uv the play that night:
It was Shakspeer's play, "Otheller."

I knowed it es soon es I seen the name,
For I'd seen it onct before,
'Way down in Frisco, in '62,
The year I jined the war.

But the boys know'd nuthin' better
Than the snidest darky show,
Er a dance-hall in behind a bar,
With a faro-bank below.

So them wuz the player people
That passed us, that very day;
An' I snickered to think how the boys would stare
When they seen a fust-class play.

That hall wuz crowded fer standin' room,
An' they scooped the dust, you bet;
An' lots of the boys gave double weight,
Fer that laff was a-ringin' yet.

The boys wuz ruther startled
When they seen the nigger coon
What jumped with the Grand Dook's dater;
But they took to him pooty soon.

But they wuz down on the feller
  What scoopt the nigger in,
An' hissed an' hollered so loud, at last,
  Ye could hardly hear him chin.

I seen that the boys wuz nervus,
  An' a kinder wicked, too;
So I edges my way along to see
  Jes' what they was goin' to do.

The play was about nigh over,
  Es well es my mem'ry went,
An' the laffin' girl was lyin' asleep
  In a bed like a little tent;

When in jumps the nigger feller,
  A-ravin' full's a goat,
An', chuckin' a bowie-knife on the floor,
  He grips her aroun' the throat.

She jes' gave one little holler;
  But that wuz mor'n enuff;
Fer I knowed them boys wuz nervus,
  And wouldn't stand no guff.

It was ping — ping — ping — es quick es flash;
  An' the nigger he fell back dead;
An' the gal lept up with a skeert, white face,
  An' lifted his lifeless head.

An' called out, "Father! father!"
  An' kissed his eyes an' lips.
But when she saw them stains uv blood
  A-red'nin' her finger-tips,

She jes' riz up like a spectre,
  Es white, an' es cold, an' tall;
An' a shiver went right through every man
  That was standin' in that hall.

Her voice wuz low, but every word
  Wuz es clear es a bell at night:

"May his red blood drip forever
Before his murderers' sight!"

Thar warn't no talk uv lynchin'
Fer we wuzn't up to fun.
'Twas rough on her; but, es for them,
We know'd how the thing wuz done.

That night, as I rolled my blankets out,
I found three bags uv dust,
An' I know'd the boys what put them thar,
An' they know'd I'd keep their trust.

I sometimes wonder ef that thar gal
Can ever sing or laff;
Perhaps she don't, and perhaps she do;
For she don't know only half.

She don't know me an' another chap,
In the early mornin' light,
Went up the road by Tucker's Dam,
Where fust she come in sight,

An' found three bodies lyin'
A-restin' peacefully,
Jes' like three miners sleepin',
Under a cedar-tree.

She don't know that they loved her,
An' I guess she never will.
But them was the kind er tuffs that worked
In the gulch by Dead Hos' Hill.

That's all I know of Shakspeer,
An' it's all I want to know;
I've never bin to a play since then,
An' I don't never want to go.

They say he's made lots of heroes;
Well, gimme my choice and pick,
An' I'll take the three he made that night
In the gulch at Dead Hos' Crick.

B. D.

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say! —
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, gineraly have their way!
Yer mother did afore you, when her folks objected to *me* —
Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air! and yer mother — where
is she?

You looks lots like your mother. Purty much the same in
size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
Like her too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay;
It'll most seem like you was dead like her! — but I hain't
got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible — writ yer name acrost the
page —
And left her ear-bobs for you, if ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaurded 'em, but ef yer goin'
away —
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No, you wasn't a year
old then,
And *now* yer — how old air you? Why, child, *not* twenty,
when?
And yer nex' birthday's in April? and you want to git mar-
ried that day?
. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'! — but — I hain't got
nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched on ter yer dress there — *I'll* bresh
it off — turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

James Whitcomb Riley, in Century.

SOMETHIN' TO SAY.

(With apologies to J. W. Riley.)

SOMETHIN' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet I've somethin' to say!
Some fathers might let things take their course, but *your* dad ain't built that way.
Yer see, I work for a livin' now, and I earn enough for two;
But I'll be gol-darned if I'm goin' to feed another along with you.

If you wanted to marry a decent man, who was earnin' decent pay,
Most likely I'd tell you to go ahead, and hurry and set the day;
But I know the wuthless dude you want, and I know his little lay.
Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet I've somethin' to say!

Now don't be cryin', daughter, and don't feel hard at me —
You'd know you'd better be single, if only you could see;
But to think of your marryin' such a man as lazy young Dandy Jim,
Though 'f he knew enough to earn his salt, don't know 's I'd object to him.

It isn't him at all, you say; but the old man millionnaire? —
Why, child, you make your father proud; just let me kiss you — there!
And you want me to add my blessing, and come to the house and stay?
Well, I guess you can manage your own machine, and I ain't got nothin' to say.

C. N. Hood.

ROGER HARLAKENDEN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

[One of the best known traditions of our Atlantic coast is that of the "Palatine Light," popularly associated with the wreck off Block Island, in 1720, of a ship bearing emigrants from the German Palatinates. The light is reported as appearing at irregular intervals for more than a century, and was last seen in 1832. Its appearance is minutely described by an eye-witness, a resident physician, who saw it December 20th, 1810. See Sheffield's "Block Island," p. 42.]

Roger Harlakenden climbed the hill
Where no other fisherman dared to go;
The east wind was blowing, bitter and chill,
Sheer was the cliff and the footing slow;
Hand-grip on rock and knee on the sod,
At last on the headland's height he trod.

In the days of the pirates, three footpaths led
To that dizzy cliff; but now there was none,
Save for the fox, the goat, and the bird.
One path o'er the seaweeds, green and red;
From high-water mark to the cave-mouth, one;
And thence o'er the Pirates' Hill, the third.

Roger Harlakenden threw him down,
Breathless at last, on the thin dry grass;
He could see his dory that glistened brown,
He could see the men and the women pass,
Tending the fish-flakes, from door to door,
And then he looked off to the ocean floor.

Like a land-locked haven in sight of the sea
The life of the twelvemonth past was spread;
Peaceful contentment of heart and head
Since the Lord had found him from sin set free,
Yet sometimes the thought of his wilder years
Rushed back upon him, teeming with ill,
Wicked joys and delicious fears;
And then he climbed to the Pirates' Hill.

Was it worth the strength of a man like him
To dwell by the bay, with a calm, sweet wife,
No stir in the blood, no peril of limb,
No wild, fierce joy of the coming strife?

Just to clean his boat and to haul the seines,
To cook the fish by the drift-wood fire,
To play with his boy through the autumn rains
And on Sunday sing with his wife in the choir?

Straight from the far horizon's line
The east wind blew; the smell of the brine
Banished the months of weary peace,
And bade this desolate torpor cease;
It was almost sunset; there was the sea!
Only a night's hard pull, and he,
With his dory made fast to a whale-ship's side,
Could rock once more on the ocean wide.

What to him the fare or the men?
The ruder the better. He held his own
Still with the roughest. God! how he longed
To be once more where the sailors thronged,
Or the old-time wreckers might shout again,
On some cruel isle of the middle zone.

See! with the sunset came once more
The Palatine Light, the ship on fire;
Each generation, son and sire,
Had watched it gleam, since the current bore
The fated ship to a merciless wreck,
With the crew in sight on the blazing deck.

There was the phantom now; the flame
Climbed stay and halyard to pennon-staff;
There was neither pity nor joy nor shame
In Roger Harlakenden's bitter laugh.
"Let it burn!" he said. "Let the ocean roar!
I have looked on burning ships before.

"I will watch that light with a steadfast eye
From this moment out till the sun goes down.
If it lasts till the last red sunbeam, I
Will be quit this night of the cursed town!"
Then he tried to think of his wife and child,
But his lips grew stern, and the wind was wild.

Suddenly met him the startled face
Of a boy, who had climbed to that dizzy place,
Half-triumphant and yet half-scared,
But daring whatever his father dared.
The fisherman trembled, but made no sign.
Terror next in that young voice rang:
"Father!" it cried. Harlakenden sprang—
Out went the Light of the Palatine.

He clasped the child in his strong embrace,
He thrust back the curls from the rosy face;
Then faded the last bright beam of day,
A shadow fell on the ocean swells,
And soft from the mainland dim and gray
Came the sweet, far sound of the Christmas bells.
Never since then the horizon line
Has gleamed with the wraith of the Palatine.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

To the Army of the Potomac belongs the unique distinction of being its own hero. It fought more battles, and lost more in killed and wounded, than all the others; it shed its blood like water, to teach incompetent officers the art of war, and political tacticians the folly of their plans; but it was always the same invincible and undismayed Army of the Potomac. The verdict of history is already made up, as to the value of its services, its sacrifices, and its victories, but, perhaps, not yet upon its commanders. From intermediate discussions, we rise to the contemplation of two grand facts, standing, like monuments, at the beginning and close of its career, that it owed its existence to the masterly organizing abilities of McClellan, and ended the war under the superb generalship of Grant.

The Army of the Potomac was composed of thinking bayonets. Behind each musket was a man who knew for what he was fighting. He understood the plan of campaign, and with unerring and terrible accuracy sized up his commander. The one soldier in whom he never lost

confidence was himself. This army operated so near the capital that congressmen and newspapers directed its movements, changed its officers and criticised its failures to conquer upon lines blue-pencilled on Washington maps. It suffered for four years, under unparalleled abuse, and was encouraged by little praise, but never murmured. It saw all its corps and division commanders sign a petition to the President to remove its general, and then, despairingly but heroically, marched to certain disaster at his order. It saw its general demand the resignation or court-martial of its corps and division officers, and yet, undemoralized and undismayed, it charged under his successor in a chaos of conflicting demands.

At last, this immortal army, of Cromwellian descent, of Viking ancestry, and the blood of Brian Boru, had at its head a great captain who had never lost a battle, and whom President Lincoln had freed from political meddling and the interference of the civil authorities. Every morning for thirty days came the orders to storm the works in front, and every evening for thirty nights the survivors moved to the command, "by the right flank, forward, march," and at the end of that fateful month, with sixty thousand comrades dead or wounded in the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac once more, after four years, saw the spires of Richmond. Inflexible of purpose, insensible to suffering, inured to fatigue and reckless of danger; it rained blow on blow upon its heroic but staggering foe, and the world gained a new and better and freer and more enduring republic than it had ever known, in the surrender at Appomattox. When Lincoln and Grant and Sherman, firmly holding behind them the vengeful passions of the civil war, put out their victorious arms to the South, and said, "We are brethren," this generous and patriotic army joined in the glad acclaim and welcome with their fervent "Amen." *Chauncey M. Depew.*

IN BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won

By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here pilgrims stream, with a faith sublime,
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemia land.
The scholar first, with his book — a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modelled in clay;
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord —
And the player is king, when the door is past,
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard, native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jewelled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart, and the grasp of
a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

"PO-IE-AP-POULS!"

THE day was raw, and keen the blast,
As through our little village passed
A huckster lad, whose sturdy lung
An echo gave the words he sung,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

His eyes were sharp, his nose beneath
Was red as berries in a wreath,
And like a trombone solo rung
The accents of his flannel tongue,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

In many homes they told him "No,"
And bade him on his way to go;
Then at his horse he shied a stone,
And from his mouth escaped a groan,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

"How much a peck?" the old man said;
"Oh, faugh!" then threw one at his head.
"Your fruit is bad, and you have lied!"
And loud that huckster lad replied,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said; "I'll see —
But no! We've all we need," cried she.
A tear stood in his yellow eye,
Yet still he faltered, with a sigh:
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

"Beware! police are lurking round!
Your apples, boy, are none too sound!"
This was the matron's last advice.
His voice replied through a large slice:
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

At close of day, while homeward bent,
They took him in — to jail he went;
And all that night, through his cell-door,
You could hear, in a smothered snore:
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

At morn, he sickened with the "gripe"
From eating apples none too ripe;
The morbus claimed him, and he died,
Yet with his dying gasp he cried,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

There in the sunlight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but swollen big, he lay.
And from outside, serene and far,
Came a voice, like a shooting star,
"Po-ie-ap-pouls!"

Burt Arnold.

LIFE.

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy — dowered with the wealth of two united hearts — held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form — rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep, by siren mother, singing soft and low — looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day — taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes — lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes — learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech — releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves — puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth — and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth — the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong — pity for those who toil and weep — tears for the imprisoned and despised — love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft — flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed — knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect — of power that only bends a coward's knees, and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things — high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead — the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things — then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night — sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

R. G. Ingersoll.

REPARTEE.

THEY had whirled around in the steps of the waltz,
And dismay had spread o'er his face,
For he found just then, at the end of the dance,
A button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones,
When the dance had gone quite through,
"Pray, pardon my boldness," he said, with a smile,
"But you see I'm attached to you."

Then roguishly glancing, she answered at once,
"Don't let that worry you so,
For quickly you'd see, if you'd only half try,
This attachment is mutual, you know."

Yale Record.

"SOMEBODY."

Somebody told me, one bright summer day,
— Was he in earnest, or only in play? —
"You're an angel, my darling!" — I turn'd half away,
But I couldn't say, "No, sir." Could you?

Somebody said that the moments were bliss,
Spent by the side of a certain young miss.
Then somebody teased for "just one little kiss,"
And I couldn't say, "No, sir." Could you?

Somebody told me he wanted a wife,
To be only somebody's all through her life.
— And somehow I yielded without any strife,
For I couldn't say, "No, sir." Could you?

Cornell Era.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

In ancient days, when the Saxons and Jutes were at war, Milfried, the bravest and mightiest of the Saxon chieftains, led forth his most trusted warriors to drive the Jutes from an eminence, upon which they had erected the standard of victory. In the midst of the battle, Milfried, seeing his fast wasting band slowly giving away before the stalwart Jutes, raised his voice to heaven, crying, "O Woden, thou god of my Fatherland, wilt thou strike for my people, I shall sacrifice to thee my child, the blue-eyed Frieda!" Above the shouts and clamor of warriors, above the din and roar of battle, thundered the mighty voice of Woden, "My will be done!" Then the Saxons, with shouts that reached heaven, rushed again into the strife, swinging about them their ponderous axes dripping with the blood

of their enemies, and glittering in the setting sunlight, and drove the Jutes before them like snow before the winter's wind. When night drew her mantle of darkness over the earth, and all nature was hushed in her awful presence, the battle was ended, and Milfried returned home, rejoicing in victory. Ere he had crossed the threshold of his princely castle, gladness had changed to sadness, for he had not forgotten the battle's oath. He entered with slow step yet stately mien, and sorrow entered with him. As he looked upon his beautiful wife and bright-eyed, laughing child, standing before the blazing log in the massive fireplace, which lighted the chamber with sparkling rays and shed a glow of loveliness about them, pain smote his fearless heart and made his manly frame shake and tremble like the tall pine before the northern blast. He took the child in his arms and pressed her closely to his broad, noble breast, heaving in agony. No tear rolled down his war-scarred cheeks, no groans rent his swelling chest — a Norseman was too proud to weep, a viking's heart too stout to break, before death's awfulness. The mother saw the look of sadness beaming from his eyes, and the cloud of sorrow veiling his manly face. "Why," she asked, "should he grieve at the loss of many warriors or be sick at heart after such a victory?" Milfried answered kindly, yet firmly, "I grieve not that my brave people are slain. My child, my blue-eyed Frieda!" Then knew the mother that victory was bought at the price of their daughter. With pleading, beseeching words and tearful prayers, she begged that the god might be otherwise appeased, that he would spare their fair-haired, beautiful child. But no, the oath must be kept, the god appeased by this "pearl of great price." No Norseman ever spoke in vain, no promise was ever given to be unfulfilled. A Norseman's word was an oath in Valhalla, written on the ivory horns of Thor; though the heavens fall the oath must be kept! Milfried kissed his child farewell, bade the mother weep no more, and raised his bloody battle-axe on high, to cleave those shining locks and still that prattling tongue. The silence of death held them in its chilling embrace. All were hushed in that moment of awful suspense. Up, up, rose the cruel, glistening blade, a moment more — lo! the massive oaken doors flew open, and a mighty voice of thunder roared: "Spare the child, thy oath is kept!"

"Wilx."

REBEL OR LOYALIST?

[Addressed by an ex-Confederate soldier to the Grand Army of the Republic.]

I.

I WAS a rebel, if you please,
A reckless fighter to the last;
Nor do I fall upon my knees
And beg forgiveness for the past.

A traitor? *I* a traitor? No!
I was a patriot to the core;
The South was mine; I loved her so,
I gave her all — I could no more.

You scowl at me. And was it wrong
To wear the gray my father wore?
Could I slink back, though young and strong,
From foes before my mother's door?

My mother's kiss was hot with fight;
My father's frenzy filled his son;
Through reeking day and sodden night,
My sister's courage urged me on.

And I, a missile steeped in hate,
Hurled forward, like a cannon ball,
By the resistless hand of fate,
Rushed wildly, madly through it all.

I stemmed the level flames of hell;
O'er bayonet-bars of death I broke;
I was so near when Cleburne fell,
I heard the muffled bullet stroke!

But all in vain. With dull despair,
I saw the storm of conflict die;
Low lay the Southern banner fair,
And yonder flag was waving high.

God, what a triumph had the foe!
  Laurel, and arch, and trumpet blare;
All round the earth their songs did go;
  Thundering through heaven their shouts did tear.

My mother, gray, and bent with years,
  Hoarding love's withered aftermath,
Her sweet eyes burnt too dry for tears,
  Sat in the dust of Sherman's path.

My father, broken, helpless, poor,
  A gloomy, nerveless giant stood,
Too strong to cower and endure,
  Too weak to fight for masterhood.

My boyhood's home, a blackened heap
  Where lizards crawled and briars grew,
Had felt the fire of vengeance creep,
  The crashing round-shot hurtle through.

I had no country; all was lost;
  I closed my eyes and longed to die,
While past me stalked the awful ghost
  Of mangled, murdered Liberty.

The scars upon my body burned;
  I felt a heel upon my throat,
A heel that ground, and, grinding, turned
  With each triumphal trumpet-note.

"Grind on!" I cried, "nor doubt that I —
  If all your necks were one and low
As mine is now — delightedly
  Would cut it by a single blow!"

II.

That was dark night; but day is here,
  The crowning victory is won;
Hark, how the sixty millions cheer,
  With Freedom's flag across the sun.

Am *I* a traitor? Who are *you*
That dare to breathe that word to me?
You never wore the Union blue;
No wounds affirm *your* loyalty.

I do detest the sutler's clerk,
Who skulked and dodged till peace had come,
Then found it most congenial work
To beat the politician's drum.

I clasp the hand that made my scars,
I cheer the flag my foemen bore;
I shout for joy to see the stars
All on our common shield once more.

I do not cringe before you now,
Or lay my face upon the ground;
I am a man, of men a peer,
And not a cowering, cudgelled hound.

I stand and say that you were right;
I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thunderous fight,
Where whistling death between us sped.

Remembering those dead boys in gray,
With thoughts too deep and fine for words,
I lift this cup of love to-day,
And drink what only love affords.

Soldiers in blue, a health to you!
Long life, and vigor oft renewed,
While on your hearts, like honey-dew,
Falls our great country's gratitude!

By Maurice Thompson, American Magazine.

TOMMY BROWN: IS HE IN YOUR SCHOOL?

"WHAT is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learnt to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap, with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently, he said: "I never went to school 'cause — 'cause — well, mother takes in washin', an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation, some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another said, "You must sleep in the ragbag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery, he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night

it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble, she found the place where he lived, and two of the W. C. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house, in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered, they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a washtub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty. But the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner; then, taking a chair herself, she said: —

"Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she laid in its mother's lap — a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am; she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her;" and the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where this family ate, slept, and lived. There was no carpet on the floor; an old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner; in an opposite corner a trundle-bed — that was all.

"Where is your little boy Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this, the mother laid her head on the baby's face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work

too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the wash-tubs, and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now — and that ain't much — goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the washtub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education, he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and baby and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him go. I can't ever forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't you worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!" Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued: —

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is

sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a' been sick, any way. But, oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor little defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollowed eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said: —

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe if I'm right there where God is, I can keep reminding him of mother, and he'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone: "Some day — they ain't going — to let the saloons — keep open. But I'm afraid — poor father — will be dead — before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning, the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums, and alleys in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this Christian land; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, it was also said: —

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Common School Education.

NOAH WEBSTER AND BILL NYE.

MR. WEBSTER, no doubt, had the best command of languages of any American author prior to our day. Those who have read his ponderous but rather disconnected romance, known as "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; or, How one Word led on to Another," will agree with me that he was smart. Noah never lacked for a word by which to express himself. He was a brainy man, and a good speller.

It would ill become me, at this late day, to criticise Mr. Webster's great work — a work that is now in almost every library, schoolroom, and counting-room in the land. It is a great book. I only hope that had Mr. Webster lived he would have been equally fair in his criticism of my books.

I hate to compare my own books with those of Mr. Webster, because it may seem egotistical in me to point out the good points in my literary labors; but I have often heard it said, and so do not state it solely upon my own responsibility, that Mr. Webster's books do not retain the interest of the reader all the way through.

He has tried to introduce too many characters, and so we cannot follow them all the way through. It is a good book to pick up and while away an idle hour with, perhaps; but no one would cling to it at night till the fire went out, chained to the thrilling plot and the glowing career of its hero.

Therein consists the great difference between Mr. Webster and myself. A friend of mine at Sing Sing once wrote me that from the moment he got hold of my book, he never left his room until he finished it. He seemed chained to the spot, he said, and if you can't believe a convict, who is entirely out of politics, who in the name of George Washington can you believe?

Mr. Webster was, most assuredly, a brilliant writer, and I have discovered in his later editions one hundred and eighteen thousand words, no two of which are alike. This shows great fluency and versatility, it is true, but we need something else. The reader waits in vain to be thrilled by the author's wonderful word-painting. There is not a thrill in the whole tome. I had heard so much of Mr. Webster that when I read his book I confess I was disap-

pointed. It is cold, methodical, and dispassionate in the extreme.

As I said, however, it is a good book to pick up for the purpose of whiling away an idle moment, and no one should start out on a long journey without Mr. Webster's tale in his pocket. It has broken the monotony of many a tedious trip for me.

Mr. Webster's "Speller" was a work of less pretentions, perhaps, and yet it had an immense sale. Eight years ago, this book had reached a sale of forty million, and yet it had the same grave defect. It was disconnected, cold, prosy, and dull. I read it for four years, and at last became a close student of Mr. Webster's style; yet I never found but one thing in this book, for which there seems to have been such a perfect stampede, that was even ordinarily interesting, and that was a little gem. It was so thrilling in its details, and so diametrically different from Mr. Webster's style, that I have often wondered whom he got to write it for him. It related to the discovery of a boy by an elderly gentleman, in the crotch of an ancestral apple-tree, and the feeling of bitterness and animosity that sprang up at that time between the boy and the elderly gentleman.

Though I have been a close student of Mr. Webster for years, I am free to say, and I do not wish to do an injustice to a great man in doing so, that his ideas of literature and my own are entirely dissimilar. Possibly his book has a larger sale than mine, but that makes no difference. When I write a book it must engage the interest of the readers, and show some plot to it. It must not be jerky in its style and scattering in its statements.

I know it is a great temptation to write a book that will sell, but we should have a higher object than that.

I do not wish to do an injustice to a man who has done so much for the world, and one who could spell the longest word without hesitation; but I speak of these things just as I would expect people to criticise my work. If we aspire to monkey with the litterati of our day, we must expect to be criticised. That's the way I look at it.

Bill Nye.

P. S. I might also state that Noah Webster was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts at one time, and, though I ought not to throw it up to him at this date, I think it nothing more than right that the public should know the truth.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

He stood upon the emerald strand,
  Which gave his sires a kingly birth,
An exile from his native land,
  A sentenced wanderer o'er the earth.
No, not the earth! or he had found
  A spot where free-born souls could dwell.

Like common felons, he was bound
  A slave beyond the ocean's swell —
The slave of England's haughty power —
  A branded convict by the laws —
The hero of one glorious hour —
  The martyr of a deathless cause.

Away upon the shadowy stream
  A prison ship, with spectral shrouds,
Like phantom vessel, in a dream,
  Floated between the waves and clouds;
And friends looked sternly on the deep,
  For kindred blood rose wild and high.

And grief, so proud it might not weep,
  Burned fiercely in each lurid eye;
Thus, stung with grief and mute with rage,
  That band drew close to where he stood,
The victim of a faithless age —
  Sublime in their firm brotherhood.

"Advance!" The fatal word is given;
  A sob goes swelling through the crowd;
He lifts his trembling hands to heaven;
  His voice is mournful, deep, and loud.

"Oh, God! — I sought but to be free!
  If the deep bondage of this land
May centre all its ills on me,
  Then let me perish where I stand!
The blood of many a kingly sire
  Has reddened on my native sod;
The light of many a martyr's fire
  Has sent its life-smoke up to God!

And I, her son, was it a crime
To seize the chains that mar her breast,
And scatter back the wrongs that Time
Has rusted round her emerald crest?

"A crime! While Ireland in her chains
Against oppression toils and strives,
Each ruddy drop within my veins, —
Though vital with a thousand lives, —
Let forth by this too willing hand
If that could rend one link apart,
Should redden down this thirsty sand
The old wine of a broken heart.
Ireland, my country, what is she?
And what am I? A convict slave!
An hour, and that remorseless sea
Will bear me to a felon's grave."
"Onward!" The guards file slowly past;
His pulse beats like a muffled knell;
As dead leaves in the wintry blast,
His lifted hands unlocked, and fell.

But hark! A tumult in the crowd —
Murmurs of anguish and surprise;
For onward, like a drifting cloud,
That from a tempest wildly flies, —
The wife appears! A little child
Lies struggling in her firm embrace,
And lifts his eyes so wide and wild,
In terror, to her pallid face.
She knows not that her brow is bare,
Nor feels the moist wind wander through
The golden splendor of her hair,
That shades those eyes of burning blue —
Nor heeds the boy, but firmer girds
His cries and struggles to her heart.
She utters neither groan nor words,
But, with white cheek and lips apart,
Moves slowly through the breathless throng,
That yields, with sympathy profound,
A passage, as she glides along
In search of that brave outward bound.

The convict sees her on the strand;
With one great pang of more than joy,
He turns upon the soldiers' band:
"Stop! Yonder are my wife and boy!"
Then, like a panther from its glade,
He braves the bayonets' deadly clash,
And flings aside each gleaming blade,
With a fierce bound and lightning dash.
She sees him. Like a wounded doe,
All wild with bliss and mad with pain,

Springs to his arms: "I go — I go!
What power shall part us two again?
Yes, fold us closer — closer, love —
In me thou hast old Ireland yet;
I tell thee any land shall prove
Native to us. Thy eyes are wet —
This great heart swells against my own,
Its holy anguish pleads for me —
Ah! could ye leave us here alone,
To perish looking on that sea?"

Breathless she gazed into his face,
And lifted from her heart the child —
Relieved from her too fond embrace,
The boy looked up and softly smiled.
The convict turned. *They* should not know
How close the tears rose to his eyes —
How sweet the love — how deep the woe,
Brought to his soul by this surprise.

"Advance!" Again that dread command
Rolls, trumpet-like, along the shore;
Guarded by England's soldier band,
They leave old Ireland evermore.

They stood together on that gloomy deck,
Straining each gaze to catch another sight
Of that dim shore that, like a cloudy speck,
Lay dark and sombre in the morning light.
Ah! it was very mournful. All around
The weltering sea heaved with a hollow moan,

And from the hold arose the dreary sound
Of smothered tears and many a broken groan;
For that old battered prison-ship was full,
And freighted deep with misery and tears,
From the tall spars down to the creaking hull
She reeled and trembled as with human fears.
They stood together, silently and still,
Their eyes turned shoreward, with a dreary gaze;
The winds swept wailing by them, fierce and chill,
And there lay Ireland, mourning in the haze.
Then all at once his mustering grief awoke:
"Oh, for a grave beneath my native sod!"
Thus on the wailing air his anguish broke.
"I ask but this — but this, Almighty God!"

As if the heavens themselves had heard
The passion of that cry,
The moaning deep was fiercely stirred;
The waves rose white and high.

The clouds, in one broad thunder-fold,
Swept blackly through the air,
Like a great pall of death unrolled
By angels answering there.

Blacker and blacker glooms the front of heaven,
And in its wrath sweeps the recoiling sea;
Hither and yon the angry waves are driven,
Like routed war steeds, rushing to be free.
In mad battalions, with their white manes streaming,
They trample down the bosom of the deep;
Sharp, fiery lances through the clouds are gleaming,
And strike the waters, where they foam and leap.

And then was torn that inky cloud,
With storms of lurid rain;
And heaven's artillery thundered loud
Above the heaving main.
It seemed as if the stars at last,
Retreating in their ire,
Had poured upon the raging blast
Great cataracts of fire.

Like a wild desert steed, beneath the lash,
The tortured vessel plunges madly on;
The masts have fallen with a smother'd crash,
Her guards are broken and her strength is gone.
The waves leap, rioting, across her deck,
The helpless crew are swept from where they clung,
With a faint death-hold, to the plunging wreck,
Her tattered canvas to the storm is flung.

Onward, still onward, anchorless and bare,
She reels and toils toward the rocky shore;
Her hold sends forth its shrieks of fell despair,
Like fiery arrows piercing through the roar.

The exiles kneel together. — His embrace
Girds in the unconscious boy and pallid wife,
A mighty gladness brightens on his face,
Hope comes with death and slavery with life.

It comes! it comes! that rushing mountain, now,
And lifts the shuddering vessel on its breast.
Quick, vivid flashes curl around her prow,
And wreathe the masts with many a fiery crest.

A plunge, a quick recoil, one fearful cry!
She strikes — she strikes — the rock — oh, God —
the rock!
Amid the waters raging to the sky;
That clinging group go downward with the shock.

'Tis over — from behind that parted cloud
The frightened moon sheds down a timid gleam.
With the white foam around her, like a shroud,
Through which her golden locks all dimly stream,
That gentle mother clasps her lifeless child,
Folded upon the marble of her breast.
There in his pallid death the infant smiled,
As if he lay caressing and caressed.

With his cold face half veiled beneath her hair,
Cast to her side by a relenting wave,
The sire and husband had his answered prayer —
The Irish Patriot filled an Irish Grave.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

THE MENU DUEL.

When we returned we found Tibbitts sitting in the arbor, with a pile of manuscript before him, and we asked what he had been doing.

"I promised the old gentleman," he said, "to learn the languages of the countries I passed through, and I shall do it. I shall learn French some afternoon when I get time. And he requested me to practise writing things for general improvement. As I am in France, I have written mother a letter, and I have enclosed in it a part of a chapter of a story, into which I have jerked a lot of French, to show her that I have not wasted my time. Here it is, and I think it's good!"

This was Tibbitts' part of a chapter of a story: —

Precisely at the stroke of seven the count was upon the ground, and the clock had not ceased to sound the hour before the marquis appeared. Both threw off their outer clothing, and stood in their shirts, sword in hand.

"It's an account of a French duel," explained Tibbitts.

"*Fromage!*" hissed the count, between his clenched teeth.

"*Fromage gratin!*" echoed the marquis.

The swords crossed with an angry clang.

It was a supreme moment. The two men glared at each other, each fearing to hazard a movement. Finally, tired of inaction, the count took the offensive. His rapier flashed like lightning. With an adroit *mouton*, he well-nigh succeeded in breaking his enemy's guard, indeed he would have done it but for the skill with which a *marron glacé* was interposed.

Both pause a moment for breath. Breath is necessary to a duellist. The marquis was the first assailant. He delivered a fierce *cotelette de veau*, which had stretched many a tall fellow on the sod, followed by a *mayonnaise*, of which few are the master, but gnashed his teeth to find himself stopped by a *poulet à la Paris*. They paused again.

"I see you have advantaged by practice with Vol au Vent," said the marquis. (Vol au Vent was the most cele-

brated swordsman of Paris.) "He taught you the lunge — I invented the parry. We will resume."

They eyed each other closely.

"This time, I will finish him," said the count to himself.

Using the *pomme de terre* as a feint, he threw himself, with all his force, into a *pâté*, and would have ended the contest then and there, but that the marquis avoided the thrust by a *poisson*.

"Ah! ha!" said the marquis, "I have had other masters than Vol au Vent! Didst never hear of Vol au Vent's younger brother!"

"*A la carte!*" hissed the marquis.

"*Table d'hôte!*" was the determined reply, and again the swords crossed.

It was over in a moment. The marquis, springing lightly back, made a rapid advance. His rapier made a motion that was as quick as the stroke of a cobra. It was as fatal. A lightning-like *potage*, to which the count opposed a *pâtisserie* in vain, and he fell to the ground lifeless, the thirsty sand drinking up his blood.

"*Haricot!*" said the marquis, as he wiped his sword, as coolly as though blood had never stained it, and walked deliberately away.

"In the name of all that's good, what *is* all this about?" exclaimed the professor. "Why, Tibbitts, all this French you have taken from this bill of fare here. *Pomme de terre* means simply potato, and *poisson* is fish; *mouton* is mutton, and *fromage* is cheese. You are not going to send this to your mother?"

"Ain't I, though! The good old girl don't read French, and this will do just as well as any I ever saw in anybody's novel. It shows that I have not neglected my opportunities. Send it? You bet!"

And he did fold it and put it into an envelope, and, after several frantic endeavors, he made the boy understand that he wanted a postage stamp, and in the box it went.

And, now that I come to think of it, I am not sure but that Tibbitts was right. If French phrases must be used in English writing, why not take them from a bill of fare? So far as the general public goes, they would do just as well. I have no doubt but his French will pass muster twelve miles back of Oshkosh. — From "Nasby in Exile," by *D. R. Locke* ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), published by Lee & Shepard.

"TIM."

"YES, I'm guilty," the prisoner said,
As he wiped his eyes, and hung his head,
"Guilty of all the crimes you name;
But this yere lad is not to blame.
'Twas I alone who raised the row.
And, judge, if you please, I'll tell you how:
You see this boy, so pale and slim,
He's like a preacher, gentle Tim.
He never drinks or swears or plays,
But kinder weeps and sighs and prays.
Why, sir, many and many a night,
When grub was scarce, and I was tight,
No food, no fire, no light to see,
When home was bad as bad could be,
I've seen that boy in darkness kneel,
And pray such words as cut like steel;
Which somehow lit and warmed the room.
And sorter chased away the gloom.

"Smile, if you must, but facts are facts;
And deeds are deeds, and acts are acts;
And, though I'm black as sin can be,
His prayers have done a heap for me,
And make me think that God, perhaps,
Sent him on earth to save us chaps.

"This man that squealed and pulled us in,
He keeps a place called the Fiddler's Green,
Where fakes and snides and lawless scamps
Connive and plot, with thieves and tramps.

"Well, Tim and me, we didn't know
Just what to do, or where to go,
And so we stayed with him last night,
And this is how we had the fight.

"They wanted Tim to take a drink,
And he refused, as you may think;
And told them how the flowing bowl
Contained the fire that killed the soul.

"'Drink! Drink!' they cried, 'this foaming beer!
'Twill make you strong, and give you cheer;
Let preachers prate and groan of sin,
But give to us the flowing gin!'

"Then Tim knelt down beside his chair,
And offered up his little prayer:
'Help me, dear Lord,' the child began,
As down his cheeks the big tears ran,
'To keep the pledge I give to you,
And make me strong and good and true.
I've done my best to do what's right,
But, Lord, I'm sad and weak to-night.
Father, mother, oh, plead for me!—
Tell Christ I long with you to be!'
'Get up, you brat, don't pray 'round here'—
The landlord yelled with rage and fear,—
Then, like a brute, he hit the lad,
Which made my blood run b'iling mad.
I guess I must have hurt his head,
For I struck hard for the man that's dead.

"No, he hain't no folks or friends but me;
His dad was killed in sixty-three.
Shot at the front, when bursting shel
And cannon sang their song of hell,
And muskets hissed with fiery breath,
As brave men fell to their tune of death.

"I promised his father, before he died,
As the life-blood rushed from his wounded side,
I promised him, sir, and it gave him joy,
That I'd protect his darling boy;
I simply did what his father would,
And helped the weak, as all men should.
Yes, I knocked him down and blacked his eye,
And used him rough, I'll not deny;
But think of it, judge, a chap like him
Striking the like of little Tim:
If I did wrong, send me below,
But spare the son of Comrade Joe.

"You forgive him? and me? Oh, no!
A fact? God bless you! Come, Tim, let's go."

T. M. Munyon.

THE BEST O' THE BARGAIN.

Sally an' me was courtin', an' like enough ter be spliced,
When I heern o' suthin' I calkilate needn't be told me twiste:
Fer when we druv ter the village, my fun was allus spiled
By the folks a-nudgin' an' snickerin', till their actin' made me riled.
So I clum right eout o' the waggin, for Dobbin wouldn't skeer,
An' I went straight up ter a gawky, an' sez I, "Neow, look a-here,
What be ye laffin' at, darn ye! a-winkin' at me an' Sall?"
"W'y," he sez, "yeou're drivin' an old white hoss, an' beauin' a red-haired gal!
Anybody'll tell ye, an' it needn't git ye cross,
Wharever thar's a red-haired gal, yeou'll see an old white hoss."
The crowd all sez, "W'y, sartin," so up to my seat I clum,
Shook up the lines on Dobbin, an' thoughtful meandered hum.
After a power o' thinkin', I traded the hoss next day
Ter Jededier Hawkins, thet lives deown village way.
I hed an oneasy feelin' thet I'd swopped him at a loss,
But I vowed I'd ruther stick ter the gal, an' dew without the hoss.
Wall, I went one day ter Sally, whar I'd often been afore,
An' it tuk me aback, for the old white hoss was a-standin' afore the door;
An' under the honeysuckles, as comfortable as ye please,
Was Jededier with Sally, a-helpin' her shellin' peas.
I went hum, sayin' nuthin', fer 'twarn't no use ter fuss,
An' I set deown eout in the woodshed, an' ruminated thus:
"Things is agin ye, Hiram; deown in yer profit an' loss
Yeou ain't got nothin' ter put against yer gal an' a good strong hoss.
Things is agin ye, Hiram — better ter be resigned;
Git used ter seein' thet good old hoss with Sally an' him behind."

It sorter seemed ter console me, when I thought what folks hed said,
Thet thar's allus a pesky temper inside of a carroty head.
Neow they're up an' married, an' ter-day Jed come ter me
An' begged me ter take back Dobbin — "I'll trade him cheap," sez he.
But I shook my head, an' answered, "I'm afraid thet wouldn't dew,"
For Sally is dretful shrewish, an' I dreaded thet she'd come tew.

Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.

MORNING MEDITATION.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are flying;
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the blithe lark carols in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out, —
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime;
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Don Phœbus and his car are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about —
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then — if I prefer my pillow-bier
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs,
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flashes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky art,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn" —
Well; — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up — all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon; —
A man that's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon.

Hood.

SCENE FROM "FAUST."

Interior of a prison: doors R. *and* L.
MARGARET *is discovered lying asleep on a pallet, in chains.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

MEPHIS. And so
All ends; I might have spared myself the pains
I've taken. No guard is wanted to arrest
Her steps — no court to doom them! Her brother
Was her judge — her griefs her executioner!
They may meet now.

He goes to door L., *and calls,* "Ascend, all's safe" —
FAUST *comes from the door.*

FAUST. She sleeps!

MEPHIS. In her exhaustion — and, as you see, sleeps well, —
Since from this momentary calm she draws
Due strength for flight.

FAUST. And this her resting-place,
Whose only crime is, that she loved too well?
What unknown sadness weighs on me, as though
The woe of all humanity was mine?

MEPHIS. Now, use your time. This key unlocks her chains —
That door, as you know, conducts you to the street,
Where wait your horses — yonder rest her guard,
Whom I will plunge in a deep sleep, and make
True prisoners, whilst you foil them. And now,
Do I keep faith? Now, Doctor, do I serve you?
He retires by the door, L.

FAUST. To pause an instant is to hasten death.
(He kneels by the side of MARGARET, *and speaks in a low tone.)*
Margaret, awake! Awake, love!

MARG. *(rouses and looks round her wildly).* Ah! wretched girl!
They come for you — they come!

FAUST. Not so — 'tis I!

MARG. Yet why are they so soon? — 'tis midnight yet,
Deep midnight — not the dawn — is not that time
Enough — I, too, so young — so very young
To die — I who was once so beautiful,
They say; though that was my undoing.
He that I loved was near me then, though now
He leaves me. Torn is my wreath, and scattered
Are my flowers. *(*FAUST *raises her slightly and unlocks her chains)* Oh, seize me not so harshly;
What have I done to injure you or yours?
Oh, let me live! Have pity on me, sir!

FAUST. She's free! And now — if a name have any power
Left to recall her senses. Gretchen! dearest Gretchen!
(She springs to her feet and looks round her wildly.)

MARG. That was his voice. He called me — yes,
'Twas he! Amidst the howling and the mocking

Of the fiends I heard his own sweet loving tones
Again!

FAUST. Thou didst!

MARG. Where is he? I will find him!
What shall divide us now?

FAUST. 'Tis thus — he answers!

(He embraces her — she recognizes him.)

MARG. Thyself — oh, say it — tell me so again!
Thou here! — then where's the darkness of my cell?
Where on thy bosom is its coldness,
And its dread?

FAUST. I come to save you!

MARG. Why, I am
Saved by your side! See, there — there is the street
Again, in which I met you first; the garden,
Where I walked with you, and waited with such joy.

FAUST. And now your door is open, come with me.

MARG. But why, when I'm so happy, resting in
Your arms? Yet should I rest there — do you know
Whom 'tis you fold? I killed my mother — so
The people say — though heaven knows I loved her
Very dearly; I gave her drink which sealed
Her eyes in sleep. You know that I was guiltless.
Do you not love, and will own it with this
Pressure of your hand? This dear, dear hand —
'Tis very moist — there's blood on it! Away!
Sheathe — sheathe your sword — it pierces my heart
also. *(She turns away from him.)*

FAUST. I struck, but in self-defence — nor knew I
Whom I struck. Ah! had I known — 'twere his sword
Had found entrance. Come, then, and thy woes
Shall be a thousand-fold repaid. Come to
The clear fields — and the fresh, inspiring air!

(He draws her towards the door; she pauses.)

MARG. And is the grave out there?— for that is
My home now. The grave! we shall want three.
You'll see to them to-morrow, will you not?
Give the best place to my mother; my brother
By my side, not too far off, so we shall rest
Together. Once, love, I clung to your side,
'Twas such happiness; but now it seems as though
You thrust me off. Ah! who is that who sits

And rocks upon that stone, out yonder, and frowns
On me so terribly?

FAUST. The day is breaking.
Let the light come — you are lost!

MARG. The day —
My last day. Well, I am prepared; 'tis hard, though,
For it should have been my wedding day
Instead. Alas! my wreath — I ne'er shall wear
Thee now. We shall meet, dearest, again. Meet
Where we part not; if not at the dance.
The crowd is gathering, yet no sound is heard;
See how they press, and overflow the Square.
And now the staff breaks, and my summons tolls
That bids me to the scaffold. Ah! how they seize
And bind me to the chair — the blood-stained stool —
Whilst eyes are fixed, and every neck like mine
Shrinks from the keen knife glittering in the air.
(He passes his arm round her to lift her on his shoulder.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *returns from door*, L.

FAUST. I've stayed too long — thus only can I save thee.
MARG. No, no! I cannot, Henri.
MEPHIS. 'Tis forbidden.
(She frees herself from FAUST *and stands surveying his* COMPANION.*)*
MARG. Thou!
FAUST. Think not of him, but come with me.
MARG. I know thee now, accursed one! Thou'rt revealed.
Avoid him, Henri, for he seeks thy soul;
Would part us — here not only, but hereafter.
Thou'rt mine, not his — thou'rt mine! Oh! tell me so
And quickly, quickly! for I feel ——
(She sinks on his breast.)
FAUST. Thou'rt dying!
MARG. Yes, all fades from me — earth, sorrow! Even thou —
And yet not so. I die upon thy breast;
That's much joy — much; but thou wilt make it greater:
Thou wilt say — Thou'rt mine, not his! Thou'rt mine!

FAUST. Thine and thine only — here, love, and hereafter.
MARG. Oh, joy! Oh, joy!

He lowers her to the ground, dead — MEPHISTOPHELES *disappears* — *the walls recede at the back, and show the open heavens, a group of angels floating in the air, and the spirit of* MARGARET *ascending to them.*

CURTAIN.

A YACHTSMAN'S SPEECH.

"I AM an old salt, called upon to speak for that saline institution without any — without any — any — *(takes from his breast pocket a paper, which he unfolds, glancing nervously at the writing upon it)* preparation; I find my stomach — my stomach — no — *(takes the paper from his pocket, and glances at it)* my heart — I find my heart too full for utterance. I am not the first old salt to whom the attention of the people has been directed. There was another old salt, sir, first in war, first in — first in — in — *(consulting the paper)* peace — first in peace, and first in the arts of seamanship and navigation. Proudly I point to that first old salt in the history of — the history of — of *(the paper)* the United States. You know him well, Mr. Commodore. His name was George — George — his name was George — George *(the paper)* Washington — George Washington. He stood at the helm of the ship of — the ship of — of — *(the paper)* state; the ship of state, Mr. Commodore. In other words, sir, he took his trick at the wheel. He navigated that ship as no other man could navigate her, sir. He knew when to take a reef in the skysail-boom! He knew when to top up the flukes of the main-royal mudhook! He knew just how much the foreto'-bobbin-stay would bear, and he didn't burst it! He sailed that ship of state with the jib-stay fast to the bowline-hitch, with the jib-tack swelling in the breeze, and the sky-scrapers hauled taut on the weather staysail sheets! He kept her head southeast by no'th, and the grand old craft bowled along like a white cloud through the azure of the canopy below — Below? *(the paper)* above him; the canopy above him, Mr. Commodore; or like the ship of the desert over the burning sands of the Straits of Magellan!

"I was speaking of the ship of state, that gallant old craft, lifting her foreto'-gallant cutwater to the breeze, with her main royal hatchway braced sharp up, and the bilge water flying like pop corn in a parcher. I was speaking of the skipper of that craft; of that old salt George — George — George — I mentioned the name — George — *(the paper)* — Washington; George Washington. He saved the ship! With his little hatchet he cut away the booms, bobstays, bowsprits, beckets, bo's'ns, and buntlines, and brought the old craft safe into Portland — Portland? — into — into *(the paper)* port; into port. But, Mr. Commodore, I was about to allude to other distinguished old salts, who have honored the profession to which I belong.

"There was one down in Tennessee, who navigated that same old ship of state. He was a tough specimen of the old salt. He kept his backstay braced sharp up into the eye of the wind. He was tough as the foreto'-mainmast of a man-of-war! Sometimes they called him Old — Old Hickups — Hickups? *(the paper)* Old Hickory! They called him so, Mr. Commodore, because he was fond of peanuts! His name was Andrew — Andrew — Andrew — Andrew Johnson! His name was Andrew Johnson, Mr. Commodore. Johnson — Johnson? It seems to me that was not the name. *(The paper.)* Jackson, Mr. Commodore! His name was Andrew Jackson! He was the captain of his ship, sir. When he was sick, he knew enough to heave to, sir. When South Carolina wanted to nullify, he knew enough to lie to, sir. In this respect, sir, he was different from George — George *(the paper)* Washington; George Washington, sir. History solemnly records that G. W. couldn't tell a — a — tell a — a — a *(the paper)* a lie; tell a lie, sir. G. W. could not tell a lie; but he could lie under an imputation, and he did; and Andrew Jackson could lie to, and pour his booming guns into the nullifiers, like a brave old salt as he was. But, Mr. Commodore, time would fail me, and your patience give out, before I could allude to all the old salts to whose honored profession I belong; and I can only mention General Phil — Phil — General Phil — Phil — *(the paper)* Sheridan; Phil Sheridan, who rode at anchor from Winchester down to the battle-field, and made a good run of it."

From "Ocean Born,"
By Oliver Optic.

THE PUNKIN FROST.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence,
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's sumepin kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds, and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock;
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesom'-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Benjamin F. Johnson, in Indianapolis Journal.

INFANTILE CURIOSITY.

THE candor of the small boy is occasionally very distressing to his friends and relatives. In the waiting-room of the Austin depot there was a lady, with a small boy, and a benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had a very singular protuberance on his nose, which attracted the attention of the youth.

"Mister, did God make that round lump on your nose?"

"Hush, Johnny," said his mother.

"I ain't talking to you, ma, I am talking to this gentleman."

"That's a wen on my nose, little boy," remarked the old gentleman, pleasantly.

"What did you say?"

"Wen."

"That's what I say, when."

"What do you mean, little boy?" said the gentleman, losing patience just a little.

"I want to know when God made that lump. He made the nose first and then put the lump on it afterwards, didn't he?"

"Keep quiet, Johnny."

"But, ma, I'm not talking to you. God had to make the nose first, before he made the lump on it; for if he made the lump first he would have no place to put it, would he?"

"The nose was made first," replied the old man, who was a miracle of good-nature.

"I said so. God made your eyes before he put the lump on your nose, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw God put the lump on your nose, didn't you, or did he put it on your nose when you were asleep?"

Here the boy's mother managed to get him under control, but he broke out in a fresh place.

"Are you waiting for the train?"

"Yes, my boy."

"You are not waiting for the train that went off yesterday, are you?"

"No, I am not, sonny."

"I thought not, because if you was, you would get left. But you didn't tell me if you saw God put the lump" —

Here the mother shoved her handkerchief in his mouth, and the scene was over.

Texas Siftings.

"TOOK NODICE."

He was a big, red-faced Dutchman, and, as he entered our office door, and inquired if "der editor was around," we involuntarily glanced in the direction of the open window, before making an affirmative answer, and asking what was wanted.

"Vell," began our visitor, seating himself on the corner of the table, "I vill tole you about it. In der first blace, I got me a letter von my wife, Katrina, who vas pack in Visconsin, and someding vas happen on my house. Dot vas a poy, und he veighs more as dwelve bounds. Now, ofer I don't make me von cent, I got to see me dot little Dutchman."

"A very natural desire, certainly."

"But now I got me some droubles in my mindt. Ofer I gone off und left me dot glaim vat I got, und some rooster gomes along und dinks I haf tied my lasd, or somedings like dot, und yumps der glaim, vot I vill do aboud it?"

"You would be obliged to prove that you had not abandoned the claim."

"But dot makes me some expenses, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"I dinks der best vay vill be to get a nodice in der baber."

"Very well, please write what you require."

Took Nodice — To all who got goncerned aboud it: Der land vot sthands on der pehindt side von dot leedle sod-house of mine was took already by myself. I vas now gone to see Katrina und de paby. Whoefer yumps me dot glaim, vill I a head put on him, so high up like a kide. A vord to der vise vos der perginning ef efil.

(Signed) Peter Dimbledeck.

"Ofter you got dot in der baper, you vill bay me

$2, und I safe all dot oder expenses. Economy vas der tief of time. Do you dink dot some vay myself?"

We assured our German friend that such was our belief, and he departed, satisfied that the warning contained in the above notice would be sufficient to deter any adventurous pilgrim from "yumping" the aforesaid claim.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh, that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds, with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles, and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil
But only whiten soft, white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

LA FAYETTE.

WHILE we bring our offerings to the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well hallow each spot, where the bones of your bold repose: but forget not those who with your bold went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people: he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished: the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation: he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart: he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him: his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people.

Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his

arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren moulder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER;[1] his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings, those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived: and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their *own* freedom: but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless Chief! of glory's immortal tablets there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

Charles Sprague.

[1] Washington.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY.

At present, we behold only the rising of our sun of empire — only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere — whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish, yielding no harvest, depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new, and all untried. We departed early — we departed at the beginning — from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution — a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government — from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way, — to take up the cross of republicanism, and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified, under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there where all republican virtue begins, and must end? where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled, until it shall finally expire? where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there, that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedæmonian heroism, but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her. Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause; gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom; and teach them there that, although Religion has many and different shrines, on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit," which God will not despise; yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to HUMANITY.

W. H. Seward.

THE FESTAL DAY HAS COME.

JULY FOURTH.

TO-DAY the birthright of her hopes the marching nation sings,
And o'er the arms of laughing forts the banner lifts her wings:
To-day, in honor of the flag, the myriad labors cease,
And breathe the silver bugles low the mellowed notes of peace,
Ho, bugles, ho! Ho, glimmering bands! Ho, veterans old and true!

Ho, children marching for the States, 'mid roses wined with dew!
Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand,
What says the Past to you to-day, O children of the land?
What are thy legends, O thou flag that gladdenest land and sea?
What is thy meaning in the air, amid the jubilee?
Flag of the sun that glows for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all—
The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

No azure pavon old art thou, borne on the glancing spear;
No oriflamme of Red Cross Knight, or coiffured cavalier:
No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud,
No Shamrock green, nor Thistle red, nor Couchant Lion proud;
No golden bees of purpled isles on red taffeta wrought,
Nor eagle poising in the sky, above the ocelot.

No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray
When westering Vikings turned their prows from noonless Norroway;
No double crowns beneath the cross are in thy hues unfurled,
Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world;
No Golden Virgin, circlet crowned, such as with knightly pride
Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.
Not e'en St. George's cross is there, that led the Mayflower on,
Nor old St. Andrew's cross of faith—the Double Cross is gone.
The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea.
What is thy meaning, O thou flag, this day of jubilee?

O children of the States, yon flag more happy lustres deck
Than oriflammes of old Navarre or Cressy or Rosebeq.

The Covenanter's field of blue, caught from the clear sky, see,
And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.
The morning beams across it stream, in roses red and white,
As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light.
All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic morn,
That minglest with the light of heaven — hail, flag of heaven born!
The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
And speakest thou to every soul, this day of jubilee.

Flag of the battle-fields, with pride beneath thy folds I stand,
While gyveless Freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets grand,
Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for Trenton's lines of flame,
For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless fame;
For Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algiers, and Perry's blood-red deck,
For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec;
Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee
The shouting forts uplift again the Stars of Unity;
For Chattanooga's rain of fire, and that grand echelon
The deep drums led at Gettysburg, beneath the smoky sun,
Thou stand'st for Progress, and the years all golden-orbed to be,
For earth's new Rome upon the land, and Greece upon the sea,
Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every people bless,
And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteousness!

O my America, whose flag we throne amid the sky,
Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live, and noblest death to die,
I hear the silver bugles blow across the silver sea,
And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee!

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,
Behind us thrice an hundred years, before a thousand grand.
Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea,
Such is the hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee.
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all —
Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail!
The Festal Day has come!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

The king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last, two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat, —
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble;
If they recovered they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the king, in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale.

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
The king will be well if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

. . . . .

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man. . . .

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass, in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"Oh, yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed, till his face was black;
"I would do it," said he, as he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

. . . . .

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows, and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.

Col. John Hay.

THE SCOUTS OF THE SHENANDOAH.

Ride, Reilleiy, ride, for the moon is descending —
Its beams 'crost our pathway are weird-like to-night,
And danger is lurking where shadows are blending
With the sheen of the Shenandoah down by the right.
Ride, Reilleiy, ride, we will soon reach the cover;
Smile, if you will, rather laugh when it's over;
Yet I know you love this as the lass does her lover,
Ride, Reilleiy, ride.

On, comrade, on, where the scouts were left hanging;
On past the rock where the soldier was shot;
The hoofs of our steeds like some muffled bell clanging
A funeral dirge to the souls that are not.
On, comrade, on, through the valley of story,
Where the fields, scarred with battle, are blood-tinged and gory,
And the deeds of the brave are the stars of her glory.
On, comrade, on.

Steady, man, steady; no click from our sabres,
One hand on the "navy," one hand on the rein.

Mosceby's dear angels to-night are our neighbors,
And a bullet the challenge this hour on the plain.
Steady, man, steady; they watch sharp to slay us;
A word as we ride through yon glade might betray us
To the grave where the Gray would be glad now to lay us,
Steady, man, steady.

Reilleiy, they wait; by yon oak they will meet us,
Half a score without motion — their forms 'gainst the sky.
They are counting each step when their fire will unseat us,
And framing each curse to our souls, when we die.
Reilleiy, they wait; so have many before them,
But the grass of the valley now waves lightly o'er them —
The merciless bullets relentlessly tore them.
Reilleiy, they wait.

Charge, Reilleiy, charge! Ah, their aim was not steady;
Ours was far better, for two bite the dust,
Once again, comrade, two souls more are ready;
Now equal, my hearties, and fight as you must.
Charge, Reilleiy, charge! they cannot evade us,
Better for them if they had not waylaid us.
The guerilla's sweetheart for this will upbraid us.
Charge, Reilleiy, charge.

Ride, Reilleiy, ride, not a breath left to curse us,
Let them lie where they fell, with glazed eyes to the sky.
Not a scratch? Well, this thought will now well reimburse us,
The six against two were the six that did die.
Ride, Reilleiy, ride, we will soon reach the cover;
Ride fast from the spot where the buzzards will hover,
I know you love this as the lass does her lover,
Ride, Reilleiy, ride.

Sherman D. Richardson.

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

Bring, novelist, your note-book! bring, dramatist, your pen!
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a life-boat, of the dying and the dead,
Of the terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles Head!
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it North and South;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed, in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that foam on its face of stone;
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the life-boat launched, and a desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about that coast, 'twas said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece — at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the life-boat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!

Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns;
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love;
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosey and safe in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head!

It didn't go well with the life-boat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second, that was flung to the drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted — 'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doomed life-boat a wave broke, mountains high!
"God help us now!" said the father. "It's over, my lads! Good-bye!"
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves.
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure,— a fighting form;
It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their breath;
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships.
They had seen the launch of the life-boat, they had seen the worst and more,
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers, these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir — and then
Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent;
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went.

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's sake, girls, come back!"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce attack.
"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the angry sea,
"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me!"
"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,
"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"
"*Come back!*" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town,
We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!
Just follow me, brave, to the shingle and we'll bring him safe to land!
Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."
Up to the arms in water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive. God bless them! you know the rest —
Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

Clement Scott.

PAT'S MISTAKE.

With an aching tooth, one morning bright,
Pat Donegan left his home;
The "murtherin' blackguard," all the night,
Had made poor Donegan moan.

With sorrowful phiz and watery eye,
Pat tracked along in the rain,
When these words his optics chanced to spy,
"Teeth pulled without any pain."

Down went his shovel, and in went Pat,
Like a "broth of a bye," as he was,
And down in the dentist's chair he sat,
With wide distended jaws.

In went the nippers, and out came the tooth —
"Ye miserable snag," said Pat,
"You'll trouble me now no more, forsooth,"
And he made for his old white hat.

"My pay, if you please," said the dentist man.
"Och, murther! what's that ye're sayin'?
Ye wretched old pirate, don't it say on yer sign,
'Teeth pulled widout any pa'in'"?"

HOW MICHAEL FAGAN CURED HIS PIG.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, docthur."

"Ah, Michael, how are you?"

"It's very well I am mesel', docthur; but perhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man wot he'll be doin' for the pig, sure?"

"Pig!" exclaimed the doctor, with a smile. "What pig? and what's the matter with him?"

"Sure he's very bad indade, so he is. A cowld, docthur. Sneizing and barking the head off him a'most, and I'd like to know what I'll be doin' wuth him!"

"Well, really, Michael, I can't say. I'm not a pig doctor, at any rate!"

"It's mesel' as could say that, sure. But s'posin' it were *a baby*, instead — the sweet craithur — what would I be doin' wuth him for the cowld he has?"

"Well," continued the doctor, considerately, "if it were a child, Michael, perhaps I should recommend a mustard poultice for his back, and that his feet be placed in hot water."

"It's much obleeged to you, docthur, I am," responded Mike, as the physician passed along; and he entered his domicile.

"Biddy," he added, addressing his good woman, "we'll cure the pig, so we will." And in a little time the snaizing porker was enveloped in a strong mustard poultice, from his ears to his tail! Notwithstanding his struggles and his wheezings, and torture from the action of the unyielding plaster, a tub of almost boiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soused above his knees. The result may be easily conceived!

Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at his little gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance, as usual.

"Good morning, Mike; how's the pig?"

"Oh, be garrah, docthur! It was mighty oncivil in ye to be trating a neighbor *that* way, so it was."

"Why, what has happened, Michael?"

"Happened — is it! I put the poultis on the pig, so I did — and he squailed bloody murther, to be sure; an' the wull came off his back, from nape to dock."

"What?"

"Ad' thin I put the swait baist's feet into the hot wathur, as ye bid me do, an' be jabers! in five minutes *the hoofs drapt clain off o' him intirely, too! so they did.*"

QUEER MISTAKE.

A POOR, simple foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was simply so so,
At a shop window reading, "Good pickles sold here,"
To the shopwoman said, "Vat is pickles, my dear?"

"Why, pickles," says she, "is a sort of a name
Like preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way—
Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."

The foreigner bowed, and gave thanks for his lesson;
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on;
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous
To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy, preserve us!"
While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cried, "Mercy, *preserve* us, and *pickle* us, too!"

Anon.

HOW THE CATCHER WAS CAUGHT.

Full tall was he, with sinewy muscles,
And shoulders broad and full and square,
With limbs designed for terrible tussles,
And the regular prize-ring crop of hair;
And he played, with skill exceedingly fine,
The catcher's place in a Western nine.

He was rich in all of the manly graces—
A very Apollo from head to heel;
And, though he was good at the stealing of bases,
He never was base enough, surely, to steal.
A foul indeed, his pulses stirred,
But he never was foul in deed or word.

As fair was she as the sun uprising,
A blooming maiden, with luscious lips,
Whose dainty completeness was really surprising,
Down to her rosy finger-tips;
And she often sat on the stand, in the shade,
And saw the games which that catcher played.

And whenever he seized on a hot one nicely,
Or caught a foul with agility,

She clapped her hands, for that was precisely
The sort of thing she wanted to see;
For much did this blooming maiden pine
For the catcher who caught in that Western nine.

Wherefore it was meet, when the games were over,
The catcher, so brave and manly and tall,
Should frequently play the part of a lover,
In a game considerably older than ball;
And if an occasional error he made,
'Twas simply because with a miss he played.

For, spite of her love, this maid was addicted
To ways most coquettish and naughty and sly,
And the man of the diamond-field was restricted
To taking love's favor, as 'twere, on the sly;
And, though she protested at kissing, I doubt
If the maid, by the catcher, was ever put out!

At that dangerous hour while yet the sun lingers
Above the horizon, and Nature is dumb,
He would hold her small hand between his jammed fingers,
And stroke her soft hair with his stiff-jointed thumb;
And often their walks were extended so late,
'Twas eleven o'clock when she crossed the home-plate!

At last, he mustered up courage and told her
How fondly he longed to make her his wife;
And she rested her head on his manly shoulder,
While he eagerly asked would she give him a life.
And he hinted with emphasis, leaving no doubt
That, should she refuse him, he'd surely strike ouf!

'Twas the umpire Love that gave the decision;
The maiden permitted her lips to be kissed,
And then, looking up, with a slightly blurred vision,
She blushingly murmured: "Why, yes — I'll assist!"
So the game to a right happy ending was brought,
And thus did it happen the catcher was caught.

Vandyke Brown.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEASE.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
  Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
  And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine.
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered pease into their shoes;
A nostrum famous in old popish times,
For purifying souls when foul with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off on the same day,
Pease in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot;
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon, "Peccavi!" cried,
  Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
When home again he nimbly hied,
  Made fit with saints above to live forever.
In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the pease;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
And sympathizing with his aching feet.
"How now?" the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke,
  "You lazy lubber!"
"Confound it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke!*
My feet, once hard as any rock,
  Are now as soft as blubber!
Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear!
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go:
For, hang me, if I ha' n't lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes,
While I just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that naught had happened, burn ye!"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* pease."

John Wolcot.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL! what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay kettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over — St. Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight wid the squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate widout swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dish-cloth is missing; the pigs are devouring it;
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing, Grimalkin is scouring it.
Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can!
But hunger returns — then he's fuming and fretting so.
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodities,
Ashes and prata-skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver the bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes like a tarrapin, under the kiverin'.
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall!

John Finley.

RORY O'MORE; OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure!
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure, I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure!
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
Sure, I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So, I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips, — don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, — you'll hug me no more, —
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then, here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Samuel Lover.

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria, by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand,
A steamer brave
Is on the wave
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Boulogne, and thou,
Richard, Lion-hearted king,
Candidly inform us now,
Did you ever?
No, you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations,
Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing —
"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir!"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, lem! lem!" — "Shur! Shur!"

"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now, look alive, there! who's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! sir!" "Steady!"
"Now, where's that party for Engredi?"
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say.
"'Bus," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply,
'Tis a not unlikely tale —
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

Thomas Hood.

RIZPAH.

II. Samuel xxi. 10.

The long, bright day of harvest toil is past,
The fragrant sheaves are bound, the reapers gone;
Slowly from out the west the yellow rays of
Ripening sunshine die, hushed are song and jest;
And from the sacrifice by priestly hands
Sweet, spicy incense, like a voiceless prayer,
Floats upon perfumed wings, to Mercy's throne.
Down cloudy pathway walks the coming night,
Casting mysterious shadows in her way,
Shadows that fill each sense with vague alarm,
More frightful for their nothingness.
Look! how the shrinking moon creeps up the skies,
Holding with trembling hand her silver lamp,
Hiding her face behind a filmy veil,
As if she dared not look upon the sight
Of the dread something which her light reveals.
See! See! On Gibbeah's Hill, what phantoms rise,

Swinging and swaying idly to and fro,
Against the mantle of the startled night,
Like nameless terrors, creeping through a dream.
Great God! these shapes are men,
See how they hang within the shadows of the shivering trees,
Like haunting ghosts, between fair earth and heaven,
Men — with stony eyeballs looking down,
Soulless and lifeless into other eyes —
Eyes full of mother-love, gone mad with woe.
Sure earth below, or pitying heaven above,
Saw never sight so strangely pitiful:
Rizpah, her poor, gray tresses all unbound,
Each nerve and muscle held by mighty will,
Fearless in all her agony of love,
Guarding her precious dead against the vultures,
Tossing her thin, bare arms, with gestures wild,
To fright them, as they whirl and circle low,
With flapping wings, and harsh, discordant cries,
Eager to taste the horrid feast of death.
Hark! how the frenzied voice disturbs the night.
And look how grief and dread have marked her face
With awful lines of passionate despair.
"Back! back! ye shall not touch one shining hair,
Or fan the poor dead cheeks with poisonous wings;
What can ye do with aught so fair?
Go! find your prey amid unholier things.
Back! let your sickening greed elsewhere be fed,
A mother watches o'er this precious child;
Mine own, mine only! why, alas! do I,
I in whose sluggish veins the life moves slow,
Still cumber earth's fair ways, while ye must die
In all the strength of manhood's lusty glow?
Why might not I for broken vows atone,
And give this life for thine, mine own, mine own?
Heavens! how their nerveless bodies, in the breeze,
Float ever to and fro, and to and fro,
Swaying in silence through the trembling trees,
Like pendulums, to count my hours of woe,
Hours crowding up like horror's dark abyss.
O patient God! was ever sight like this?
My sons! My sons! are these the lovelit eyes
Whose merry glances warmed my heart like wine?

Are those the cheeks, once bright with life's rich dyes?
Those the red lips, whose sweetness clung to mine?
Is it a dream? Still I awake, erewhile
Wake to their living glance, and touch, and smile.
They were my babies once; they used to lie,
With soft lips, murmuring at my love-warm breast,
Cooing sweet answers to the lullaby
I sang, to put them to their cradle rest.
Listen, — upon the night winds, clear and low,
Come fragments of that song of long ago.
'Twas thus I sung — a foolish little strain —
Yet babes and mothers love such music well.
E'en now its cadence soothes my restless brain;
I think I hear the angels sing it — who can tell?
My children loved it so, in twilight gray.
'Tis twilight now. Alas! and where are they?
Listen, — 'Sleep, sleep — the south wind blows,
Rocking the bee in the thornless rose,
The baby birds have gone to bed,
The drowsy blue-bell hangs its head;
Blue-bell and baby, bee and rose,
Sleep, the south wind softly blows,
The tide ebbs, the tide flows,
Night comes, but night goes,
Sleep! Sleep!'"
Thus night and day her wild, sad watch went on,
And none could win her from her loving task.
At length the barley sheaves were gathered home,
And once again the dry skies rained soft tears,
As if in sorrow for her tearless woe,
And pitying heaven made man more pitiful.
King David's heart grew tender at the sight,
And, filled with wonder at her mighty love,
He took her precious dead, with reverent hands,
Enfolded them with costly cerements,
Wet with the baptism of her grateful tears,
More fragrant than all the balms and spices fine,
And gave them sepulchre with kindred dust.
Then Rizpah's work was finished. She arose,
Folded her sackcloth tent, and went her way,
Down through the valley, to her childless home,
Poor, waiting Rizpah.
After many days, death came to her

(How slowly does he come, when hearts are breaking — and are waiting to break —
As if he grudged the comfort of a grave).
'Twas twilight in the harvest time again.
She seemed to slumber,
When she clasped her arms
As if she held a baby at her breast,
And sung the fragment of a cradle song:
"Sleep! the south wind softly blows,
The tide ebbs, the tide flows,
Night comes, but night goes,
Sleep! Sleep!"
Then Rizpah slept.

Lucy Blinn.

THE LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming of then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen!

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm;
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From one discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

DECLAMATORY MEDLEY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow-Members of the Society for the Prevention of Knowledge: I rise before this august body with feelings more easily described than imagined.

Shame upon you! Your legislation made me what I am — a Mohawk Indian. And yet I was not always such — a bloody butcher; to-day, I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when in adventurous boyhood we bathed in Sparta's glassy lake, and he had tied my shirt into 1752 hard and difficult knots. He knew me, smiled faintly, and said: "Know you me, Duke? Know you the peasant boy who, twelve long years ago, announced this sublime, and, as it seemed then, foolhardy declaration that an American sailor is an American citizen." Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! It was murder, deliberate and premeditated murder! And all because an engineer was five minutes behind time.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you to such a sudden flow of mutiny, for these are not my sentiments. They are not the outspoken words of any office-seeker. Oh, no! But actions speak louder than words. I fought hard, I fought hard, I fought hard. The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, throwing it aside and stemming it with hearts of controversy. But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar cried: "John Maynard, can you still hold out?" His voice responds,

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I reply most emphatically, No!"

My brave associates, partners of my feelings and my fame, I had an uncle once, a man of threescore years and three. Cratinus, thou art that wretch. What a strange imputation! Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights? Let the dead man have a hearing.

This was his thought: —

To have it out, or not to have it out, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And, by extracting, end them.

You doubtless think me a fanatic. Go to Hayti and stand upon those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had and ask them if the gentleman is done. Has he entirely done?

He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. And now I tell you, and I tell it to your beard, sir, you are a dishonest man. Such a secret is safe nowhere.

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice, but I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; and how unreasonable I should be were I to mention two fair and innocent maidens.

There she is. Behold her and judge for yourself. And see, she starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel.

The mule stood on that vessel's deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And whacked him o'er the head.

His master from the shore cried out,
"The boat's about to sail;
As other means you've tried in vain,
Suppose you twist his tail.

"It's likely that will make him land."
The deck-hand brave, though pale,
Then nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To make the twist avail.

Then came a kick of thunder sound,
The deck-hand, where was he?
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the sea.

I beseech the house to pardon me if I may have kindled on this subject into something of unseemly ardor.

My eye is on the dial, and my allotted time is fast expiring. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished; but I adjure you, I warn you, I implore you, that, when I am dead, you will lay me on the ground as an Indian chief should lie.

Then, fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earliest civilization, and then, dipping her pen in the golden sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all: —

This is the steed that won the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away.

Let the Savannah murmur it; let the Mississippi sound it. Living, I will defend her; dying, I would pause in my last expiring breath to utter a prayer of fond remembrance for my native New England.

Robert Melville Baker, Boston Latin School, '88.

A RACE FOR LIFE WITH A TIDE BY THE BAY OF FUNDY.

[Miss Yuler was a governess in the family of Madame Van Voorst. She had walked across a beach at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and was returning when she was overtaken by the tide.]

The long winter passed. March blew down warm gales that thawed the ice; the snow melted away; in April the bare willow boughs reddened like flames; spring came early across the fields, and with the spring came Passion-week. It was Good Friday. After church Miss Yuler walked, on an errand for Madame Van Voorst, to the village beyond, and, the day being so balmy, took her way along the shore. She had very seldom followed this path; her walks had

always been in another direction — for to people who have a narrow, personal melancholy the sea is never grateful; and, except to watch the picturesque tides of the Bay of Fundy, she had no fancy now for looking over its stretches of color and foam. The tide was out; she walked rapidly, reached the village, and performed her errand. . . .

It was about two hours past noon when, bathed and refreshed, Van came down stairs. He looked into the drawing-room to see his grandmother sitting there, her spectacles dropping from her nose, the prayer-book in her lap, the April sun overlying her as she nodded away to the tune of her dream.

"Grandma," he cried, abruptly, "where's Miss Yuler?"

"Which?" said the old lady, giving her shoulder a little shake, and righting herself.

"Has Miss Yuler got home?"

"Not that I know of. Why, what's the matter?"

"What time does the tide full?"

"About four."

"It wants a quarter. Good God, she'll be overtaken!" And he dashed out to the stable. Madame Van Voorst followed quickly.

"What are you about?" she cried, as he flung the saddle on Fautour. "You are not going to cross the sands now? Van! Van! you'll be drowned!"

He flung her off like a raindrop, sprang to the saddle, and was away with the wind.

It is very well known that no one can cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard: the rushing torrent overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse cannot escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand and opened a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine-tops shivered through the air. Van's eyes grew fiercer; he turned the spurs in, and flew forward. The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear: it became voluminous and panting: it gathered and swept its swift sighs, and swelled, and broke into a low roar, as if a lion shook his bristling mane, and glared around his distant den. Still Van bounded on: the horse was stung with fright; the sand shook with shocks of sound: he stood in the stirrup, and strained his sight along the shore; the wind of

the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour swerved, and stood with a quiver. Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes; she had found it useless to make any farther effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. Whatever grace of nature enriched her soul, she had, in this moment, surrendered herself to its sway. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront Death, and await him. There was, besides, some eagerness in her glittering eye to catch the beauty of her destroyer. She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip; he gave his foot for a step, without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned Fautour about, with a savage rapidity, and flew back. It was better to die so than alone. His eyes were fastened on her; she only looked out and down the bay; neither spoke. It was now a race for life. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide: its chill breath stole across them, its damp swathed them, white wreaths of mist curled over their heads. At the right, the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood; at the left, a narrow line of low waves crept sinuously, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses. Fautour felt the danger, and did not need the red spur; with his double burden he doubled his strides, and left his shadow behind him. On they raced; an element raced after. The dull and muffled tone broke in full and sonorous: the separate hiss and splash became distinct; scenting their prey, three feet at a time the waves came leaping in, receding and foaming, and eddying up again, till a wall of chrysoprase transparency towered between them and the western sky, and rolled, in shattered light and fusing volume, to fill its destined depth of fathom, with the noise of many waters and the speed of wind. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fautour; up he clambered from steep to steep; the early sunset was bathing all summits in soft crimson warmth, the pale gold of the orbed moon hung in the east, with all her potent influences, foam-flakes fell heavily on their hair; another step would save them. A plunge — the crest curled under them, and the last wave sent its spent torrent to cool the burning hoofs that were planted rigid as iron, and the tide was full.

The whole household had poured out to watch the catastrophe. Miss Yuler stepped coolly to the ground again. Van dismounted, and, replying curtly to their shower of interrogatories, gave the bridle to a servant, and strode towards the house. Whether he thought the life he had saved belonged to him or not, he was not the one to take advantage of Miss Yuler's first impulse of gratitude, if any such impulse found room in her heart; and in less than an hour everything was restored to its usual quiet.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"THE NORWAY SHEEP."

THE fierce wind, breaking from his bonds, comes roaring
from the west;
On every long, deep-rolling wave, the white horse shows
his crest,
As if a million mighty steeds had burst their master's hold;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the
fold.

The storm drum shows its warning sign; the sea-gulls
swoop and cry;
The fleecy clouds are driven fast across the stormy sky;
Along the sands the fresh foam gouts in ghastly sport are
rolled;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the
fold.

Wistful the fisher seaward looks, out from the great stone
pier,
Wistful he stands, the breakers' call along the cliffs to
hear,
To hear across the flowing tide the ceaseless rock-bell
tolled,
While fast and fierce the Norway sheep are coming to the
fold.

"The wife and bairns will get no bread from yonder sea,"
he thinks,
As his idle coble by the straithes strains at its cable's
links;

Small use to bait the lines, or see the broad brown sails unrolled,
When the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

"God guard the ships at sea to-night," the stern old sailors say,
Straining keen eyes across the waste of heaving, tossing spray,
Recalling many a bitter night of storm and dread of old,
When the wild white sheep of Norway were coming to the fold.

Oh! there is many an aching heart, here in the red-roofed town,
As wives and mothers hear the blast come wailing from the down;
Who knows what tale of death or wreck to-morrow may be told?
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

All the Year Round.

THE GRAND PANJOWDAH.

[An adapted scene from the play of *Messmates*. By *George M. Baker*.]

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR, of the "Seabright."
RICHARD CARTER, owner of the "Seabright."
ARABELLA CARAWAY, a spinster.

Scene in the cabin of Carter's yacht "Seabright."

Enter Captain.

CARTER (*outside*). Captain Taylor, ahoy! ahoy! ahoy!

(*Enters.*)

CAPTAIN. Well, Mr. Carter, what's the matter?

CARTER. Will you overhaul your reckoning and inform me where we are?

CAPTAIN. Three miles east of the Big Brewster.

CARTER. In deep water?

CAPTAIN. Very deep water.

CARTER. Then if you will kindly order up a hammock, load one end with shot, sew me up in it, and consign me to the mighty deep, you will place me under obligations for the rest of my existence, which, under the circumstances, must necessarily be limited.

CAPTAIN. What misfortune has befallen you?

CARTER. The worst; I've met a brother.

CAPTAIN. Ah, some long-lost relative?

CARTER. No such good fortune. A brother of the "Antique and Venerable Order of Disgruntled Growlers." Pacing the deck of my own gallant craft, I have been accosted by one of your tarriest of tars, who, placing his left hand behind his left ear, extends his right hand, and whispers, "Divy." He was a Growler.

CAPTAIN. And you?

CARTER. Oh, I'm his brother, fast enough. I'm a "Growler." — I've been Grand Custodian of the Candidates, Grand Inspector of the Gridiron, Grand Keeper of the Goats, Grand Chamberlain of the Chowder-Bowl, Great Grand Panjowdah, grand everything.

CAPTAIN. What is the object?

CARTER *(spouting with upraised hand)*. "The uplifting of the order of society by bombastic explosion, and the rebuilding from its shattered fragments a nobler system, which shall extend to the remotest corners of the earth, and whose towering battlements shall pierce the heavens." Bosh!

CAPTAIN. Then you don't believe in it?

CARTER. Not much. Once I was its most devoted subject; that was when I was a thirsty-throated son of the street-corners. Then I knelt before its bucket of vermilion-dyed liquid, typical of human gore, and swore to be a true Terrific Disgruntled Growler, until those vampires the Jay Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and all the aristocrats of wealth succumbed to our invincible war-cry, "Divy."

CAPTAIN. That was before your uncle died?

CARTER. Yes; when my venerable relative, commonly known as old miser Carter, shipped his cable, and sailed for a new harbor, he left to me, his only relative, a black trunk, packed with bonds of the X., Y. & Z. Railroad, stocks in the Don Quixote mine, and titles to rivers of oil. I hadn't the heart to growl, and no disposition to feel dis-

gruntled, so I quietly shook the Antique Order; but the Antiques did not shake well. They were never such firm friends. They gathered about me with extended hands, and the Antique motto, "Divy," on their lips. I was invited to pour into their treasury my legacy. I did not accept. I was entreated to prove my principles. I quietly informed the special committee that I did not intend to disturb my principals, but to live upon my interests. Then they threatened me. Any brother had power to slay me at sight without grace; there was no escape but by compliance with the Antique rule, "Divy." I thought, when I sailed off in my own boat, I had buried the past; but there rises before me a ghost in sailor trousers, who salutes me with the old story, "Divy." So, Captain, bring up your stoutest hammock, sew me up tight, and let me slide; the waters will "divy" to receive me, and society will have one "Growler" less.

CAPTAIN. Oh, no! we can't spare either you or the shot. So come on deck and point out your "brother," and you shall hear no more from him. *(Exit, companion-way).*

ARABELLA *(sticks her head out* R. I.*)* I do believe this pesky boat is getting into smooth water again. *(Creeps out.)* For twelve days I've been tossed and tumbled in that narrow bunk, expecting every minute to be my last; and they call this a pleasure trip. I've shrunk so I can scarcely keep my clothes from slipping off. Oh, dear! why did I leave my happy home?

CARTER. Why, Mrs. Caraway, this is a surprise. Old Father Neptune has treated you so shamefully, we feared we should never see you again. But you are all right now?

ARABELLA. All there is left of me. Father Neptune has indeed treated me shamefully. ah! but not so badly as I was treated by one Richard Carter, ten years ago.

CARTER. You allude to our little flirtation —

ARABELLA. Little flirtation! hear the man! The man to whom I gave my youthful affections, the man I worshipped as he sat enthroned among his fellows, the Grand Panjowdah of the Antique Order of Disgruntled Growlers. Oh, those days, those happy, too happy days!

CARTER. But, my dear Arabella, those days have

passed. You became the wife of old Tom Caraway, and I am no longer a Growler.

ARABELLA. Not a Growler? Have you basely deserted the craft that honored you? Have you forgotten those fiery terms which, from your eloquent lips, made tyrants of trade tremble, aristocrats of wealth quake?

CARTER. I've no occasion to remember them now. I'm rich. When a man's wealthy, he can't go round begging an excited multitude to "down with the rich." He might as well try to pull himself up by his boots.

ARABELLA. And for this man's sake, I too became a Growler!

CARTER. What?

ARABELLA. I am a member of the Oriental Annex.

CARTER. Is it possible? Give me a sign.

*(*ARABELLA *places her left hand under her right elbow, the right hand upright, then slowly lets the hand fall forward three times.)*

CARTER. The sign of the spinster degree. Correct. What does it signify?

ARABELLA. That my hand is free.

CARTER. Correct. Now, then, the grip *(extends his right hand)* when a brother offers his hand.

ARABELLA *(extending her hand).* 'Nuff—

CARTER. Said.

BOTH *(clasping hands).* Shake.

CARTER. Correct. Now, then, the grand union sign.

ARABELLA. In position?

CARTER. Of course. *(They place themselves back to back).* Now: one, two, three. *(They turn, embrace, and speak in each other's ear).* "Divy."

TEDDY *(rushes down* C*).* More spoons! *(Runs up* C.*)*

ARABELLA *(screams and runs off,* R. I.*)*

CARTER *(looking after* TEDDY*).* Correct. The fair Arabella is undoubtedly a sister of the Oriental Annex of expectant tarriers, whose motto is "the good time coming." The good time does not come to all of them, but they have a good time hoping, all the same.

ARABELLA *(sticks out her head).* Are you alone?

CARTER. Correct. Enter, fear not.

ARABELLA *(enters).* Oh, what a misfortune to be caught in such a predicament.

CARTER. Never mind, Arabella, 'twas only a grand union sign.

ARABELLA. Who was the intruder?

CARTER. I didn't see his face; but as there's but one individual who is always round when he's not wanted, I should say it was Teddy Morgan.

ARABELLA. My nephew! The whole family will hear it. I shall be laughed at.

CARTER. Not on my account. That little touch of the antique has rekindled the flame of love in the breast of the apostate Growler. You were my first, my only love. We have both sought the mysteries, have both knelt before the vermilion, both taken the vows. I've broken mine, but you are still among the faithful. Let us together seek the antique fane, and go into business together, with the grand union sign above the door.

ARABELLA. Mercy sakes! what are you talking about?

CARTER. About marriage.

ARABELLA. Oh!

CARTER. Will you have me?

ARABELLA *(quick)*. Yes.

CARTER. Correct. Spinster sign for the last time, when a brother offers his hand. *(Extends his)*.

ARABELLA *(extending hers)*. 'Nuff—

CARTER. Said.

BOTH. Shake.

ARABELLA. O Richard, I'm so happy!

CARTER. In future we'll be happy together. I'll go back to the antique, when I marry you. I'll give up my wealth.

ARABELLA. To whom?

CARTER. The Growlers, of course.

ARABELLA. Oh, no, my dear! you'll do nothing of the sort: we are aristocrats now.

CARTER. Do you intend to shake the Growlers too?

ARABELLA. All but one, when we are married. I may shake him, if he does not behave himself.

CARTER. Correct. Arabella, I've seen younger women—

ARABELLA. Richard!

CARTER. Than Polly Taylor; handsomer women—

ARABELLA. Richard!

CARTER. Than the celebrated Jersey Lily—

ARABELLA *(tenderly)*. O Richard!

CARTER. But for solid happiness and enduring bliss, give me the woman who dared join a mystic society, and keep its secret. These are belles, but she *(opening his arms)* — Arabella.

ARABELLA. *(her arms about his neck)*. My Grand Panjowdah! *(Exeunt* C.*)*

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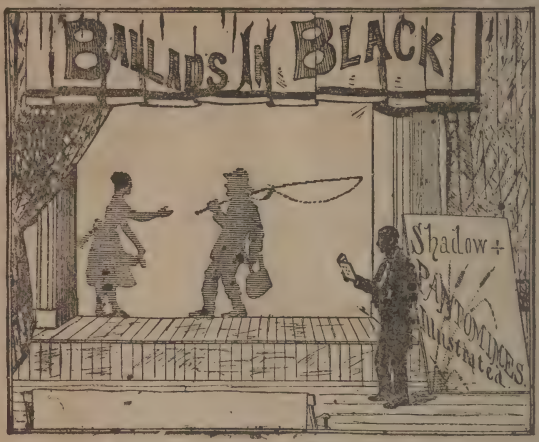

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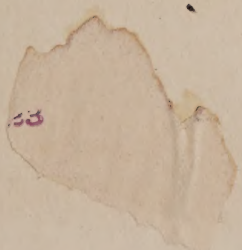
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